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Was Lincoln a Democrat?

Editorial Foreword

TWO QUIET and unheralded events have recently reminded Americans that we are still the champions of liberty. The success of the new play about the pre-presidential life of Abraham Lincoln raises the question whether he was at heart a Democrat or a Republican. The series of coast-to-coast lectures by the exiled German author, Thomas Mann, now published in book form as *The Coming Victory of Democracy*, is a challenge to the United States — promised land of personal liberty in a world of peoples fading into a new twilight of democracy.

An American schoolgirl was asked what impressed her most in a tour of Europe. She replied that it was the noble statue of Lincoln in London, outside Westminster Abbey. Raymond Massey, a Canadian actor, has explained the popularity of his American role by stating that Lincoln is a common denominator for all English-speaking peoples. True — but Lincoln is more than that. To Dane also, to Swiss, to Hollander, he is as much a hero as to us at home in Springfield, Illinois. Lincoln is the world's most complete embodiment of the human ideal of liberty.

The Lincoln whom Massey portrays is not the calm captain and statesman whom we admire in George Washington. Personally, Lincoln is a bundle of nerves and contradictions, of exaltation and despair, but in his sense of public duty he is consistent and unswerving. He is the vigorous but unhappy forgotten man consumed by a passion for mankind and for liberty. He is the personification of the bill of rights. For himself he has no scruple of selfishness, no sense of destiny. Destiny is supplied him by the ambition of an unlovable and unscrupulous wife.

LINCOLN'S INDIVIDUALITY

THE PETTY personal incidents of the play contrast Lincoln's normal human weaknesses with his divine unselfishness. His physical prowess, his humor, his tolerance save him from disaster. He calms the ruffian and shames the racketeer. He barely escapes suicide after the death of the simple-minded sweetheart who was for him salvation through the eternal womanly. He mocks the vanity of the proud family of his future wife. The Todds spell their name with two *d*'s; one *d* is enough for God. His bride shocks his sense of democracy, and he fails to appear for the wedding ceremony, only to marry her later after wrestling with his despair. In the scenes from their early married life, his tolerance of her tantrums and pettiness is sublime.

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Through thick and thin, Lincoln was in one thing consistent — in his belief in the coming triumph of democracy. Lincoln is labeled a Republican. But the Democratic Party today is even more thoroughly imbued with his ideals than is the Republican Party. Lincoln was indeed a very rugged individualist. Yet he was also a meek, a mild, a generous individualist. Was he, in reality, a Republican or a Democrat? The answer, of course, is that the difference between the Democratic and the Republican parties is only the distinction between tweedledum and tweedledee. Both parties are based on the premise of civil liberty. All political parties in the United States, except the small and abstract extreme *ism*ists, have been and also will be grounded on the principles of democracy. In that respect the United States is almost as much a one-party state as is Russia or Germany; but we will always be ruled by the forgotten man, never by an autocrat.

Democracy is the noblest and, on the other hand, the most impractical of all conceptions of society. To translate the will of the individual into government is the most complicated problem ever attempted by mankind. Indeed, the ideal of a democratic state may never actually be attained. Yet the citizen who hitches his cart or airplane to this star and proclaims in his private life the coming victory of democracy is happy in the assurance of Walt Whitman that we "but level that lift to pass and continue beyond."

Concretely, what is this thing, "democracy"?

A current American writer on foreign affairs says that it is "the kind of government under which we have the right to speak as we please, write as we please, do as we please, so long as we do not hurt our neighbors." It is this last reservation that separates democracy from demagogy and from anarchy. To make the definition complete, however, we must add, "to think as we please." For it must be remembered that even on American soil, in Massachusetts, in the seventeenth century "to think as we please" was punishable by death.

A more abstract description of democracy is that of Thomas Mann:

> I am relating it to the inalienable dignity of mankind, which no force, however humiliating, can destroy. . . . If an appreciation of the dignity of man is the moral definition of democracy, then its psychological definition arises out of its determination to reconcile and combine knowledge and art, mind and life, thought and deed.

The birthday of Abraham Lincoln is our national reconsecration to the cause of democracy. Today, in the four most energetic nations of the world, democracy is despised and derided as much as, in earlier despotisms, it was feared. To the authoritarian states democracy appears weak, inefficient, sentimental. Those nations, at present, appear to be successful in commandeering individual and civil liberty for slavery to the state. Let us not be deceived, however, or believe that we in America should imitate the methods of the dictators. They speak with sounding brass, but we are convinced that their feet are clay; in suppressing civil liberty they are courting eventual collapse.

Lincoln's birthday will find Americans — Republican and Democrat alike — reconsecrated to democracy. Thomas Mann calls President Roosevelt a "conservative statesman" who "takes the wind out of the sails of fascism and bolshevism alike."

Private Man

Democracy is less the concern of party rallies than it is of the private life of the American citizen. The United States is the sum total of the integrity, the individualism — be it rugged or meek — of each one of us.

A British guest, Sir Wilmot Lewis, recently said that democracy is a state of mind, "an invitation to us all to find in service to others the finest flowering of individuality."

Unfortunately, in this generation democracy must be policed more vigorously than ever before. America must patrol her borders with machines as powerful as those controlled by the dictators.

More than that — there is to the average American a thing more sacred even than his country. He cherishes the ideal of democracy, for the protection of which the United States was founded, even more than national patriotism. He fought once on foreign soil to defend that ideal, when he was convinced that it was seriously threatened. He may do so again. To the plain American, democracy is a hope of humanity, not an insular possession.

Henry Goddard Leach

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The CATHOLIC CHURCH: Nazi Scapegoat Number Two

by **S. K. PADOVER**

NUNS IN NAZI PRISONS, priests in concentration camps, Catholic leaders shot, cardinals' homes wrecked — almost daily the press brings such reports from the Reich. Americans are not merely shocked at the new barbarism but are puzzled besides.

The Jews were outnumbered in Germany by two hundred to one. But the Catholics number thirty million in a nation of seventy-five million. How can any sane government antagonize its people by attempting to destroy the church to which 40 per cent of them belong? What lies behind this seemingly mad and impolitic course of the Nazi dictatorship?

The answer is that, behind this apparent madness, relentless forces are at work which, once unleashed, cannot be halted. As Hilaire Belloc, the eminent Catholic writer, admitted, the conflict between Catholicism and Naziism is "beyond all reconciliation." One or the other must inevitably end by destroying its opponent.

The *Völkischer Beobachter*, principal Nazi Party organ, in its Vienna edition of October 15, 1938, said flatly: "We are armed and prepared to continue the battle against Catholicism until the final frightful decision, until the point of total annihilation."

German Catholics are facing the same fate as the Jews. The Catholics are, and in the relentless nature of things must be, Nazi scapegoat number two.

The process of extirpation already has gone further than the outside world realizes.

Persecution began as soon as Hitler was firmly in the saddle to which he had been hoisted not without Catholic help. By 1935, it had progressed to trials of thousands of nuns and priests, accused of violating the weird currency laws and fined from a thousand to one hundred fifty thousand marks. Brothers of various orders were mockingly accused of sexual offenses. Catholic editors were disciplined for daring to urge a modicum of justice. Young Nazis publicly sang ribald songs about the church. Posters blared:

> Recognize them, the Roman Catholic vampires!
> German Youth, stay away from such-like,
> Unite against the international bandits.

In short, the whole apparatus of a powerful state was set in motion to break the morale of the Catholics.

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The Catholic youth organizations were liquidated in 1936. Ludwig Wolker and one hundred other Catholic youths were seized — on the charge of having had relations with communists! Many were never heard from again.

The words of Bishop Galen of Münster were:

> Today there are in Germany fresh graves where rest the ashes of those whom the Catholic people regard as martyrs . . . although nothing is permitted to be revealed as to how they met their end.

A "cold pogrom" has gone on ever since. Thousands of nuns have been ousted from schools, hospitals, kindergartens; good Party members have taken their places. Diocesan seminaries have been closed; the Theological Faculty at Innsbruck was abolished. Catholic moneys have been confiscated. All Catholic colleges have been refused recognition and the right to receive new students.

From day to day, the Catholics expect the worst. "This very uncertainty as to your future," the Bavarian Minister of Education told a delegation of sisters, "is your punishment, and it pleases me to keep you in the dark."

The next steps will be economic. Loot from the Jews has helped to fill the empty coffers of the Nazis and keep the regime running. That source is rapidly becoming exhausted. Catholic property is still largely intact. The Nazis have already drawn up lists of all the convents and monasteries and their possessions (there are over ten thousand such establishments in Germany, thousands more in Austria). There are no available figures on the extent of the corporate wealth of the Church, but twenty billion dollars may be a safe estimate. The Nazis are keeping this enormous resource in reserve; when they have destroyed Catholic morale, Church property will be confiscated with a thoroughness and brutality that will again shock the world.

A Head-on Clash

Why is the conflict between Naziism and Catholicism irreconcilable? There are five reasons. First, Naziism is itself a religion, an impassioned, crusading faith with all the vigor of new religions. It can brook no other gods. The second reason grows out of this; the Nazis hate Christianity because it is Jewish and Catholicism because it is international. Catholicism claims the loyalties of millions of people, especially the young, who are under the sway of a foreign potentate (as the Nazis view it); that is a third reason for implacable enmity. As a psychological necessity, Naziism must have a succession of scapegoats. Young Nazi thugs must have some outlet for their hooligan instincts, and the Jews are almost gone. Finally, there are those twenty billions which the regime needs.

Deepest rooted is the hatred of the Church's "Judaism" and "internationalism." Listen to some of the Nazi opinions of Christianity:

Alfred Rosenberg, whom Hitler has made dictator of German culture and ideology, sneers at the customary interpretations of Christ (a "pure Aryan," he says) as a creature made by "Jewish fanatics like Matthew, by materialistic rabbis like Paul, by mongrel half-breeds like Augustine." Rosenberg's *Myth of the Twentieth Century* has become Germany's second bible, next to Hitler's *Mein Kampf*.

General Ludendorff, not a member of the Party but a sympathizer, ridicules Christianity as an "Asiatic superstition" and a "supranational enemy of the State."

The official pagan magazine, *Nordland*, mocks the Sermon on the Mount as the "first Bolshevist manifesto, in a language now buried under the dust of centuries."

Dr. Rudolf Dahms, a Nazi scholar, agrees that Jesus was made by Paul, a "Christian rabbi. . . . We reject the Christ of the dogmas (the Jewish Christ)," he writes, "because he no longer corresponds to our Nordic faith."

The crowning insult comes from Hans Weidler in his book, *Why No More Christianity?*, an official publication of the Nazi Party (Deutsche Aktion, Heft 2). He asks: "Can there be anything lofty about a religion whose god came into this world only for suffering and who died on the cross the ignominious death of a criminal? . . . The greatest evil," he writes, "which Christianity has perpetrated is surely its dogma of human equality. Shall we Germans be put on the same level as Negroes, Fiji Islanders, Eskimos, or Jews?"

The motto of the Deutsche Aktion, under whose auspices Weidler published his book, is "War against Judaea-Rome!"

Professor Hermann Berger, of the University of Munich, in his widely read book, *Materialism of Christianity: The True Face of the Catholic Church* (the first edition ran to twenty thousand copies) asks the rhetorical question

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how an Oriental-Jewish religion can possibly have a moral content. He argues that there is a "total lack of morality in Christianity."

Dr. Matthes Ziegler, writing in the official *Nationalsozialistiche Monatshefte* (published by Rosenberg), attacks the Catholic Church for believing in a Jewish god who is a "vengeful tyrant." No decent Nordic man can believe in such a Catholic-Jewish deity. Friedrich Karl Otto, author of *Germanism as Religion*, rejects Christianity as unfitting for a great nation such as the Germans, because it "sprang from the Jewish proletariat."

Michael Ahle, in his book, *The Catholic Church as Danger to the State*, says that reading about the crimes of Rome

> makes one's hair stand on end. . . . Colossal are the deeds of blood which the papacy has on its conscience. Among the various crimes in which the Catholic Church is so rich, sexual immorality takes perhaps first place. It is too revolting for a decent man to descend to this dung-heap.

Ernst Bergmann, professor of theology at the University of Leipzig, sounds the same note more loudly. In his book, *The German National Church*, he thus sums up a common Nazi attack:

> The history of Christianity is a history of lies and swindles, murder and crime, oppression, violence, extirpation of whole nations, war and yet again war, burning down of whole cities and torturing of inhabitants, inquisitions, persecution of heretics, witch burning, plundering of the poor and the weak, slave trade, jails, hunger towers, galleys, enslavement of the mind, autos da fe, execution of the innocent, suffering and misery and cruelty and horror of every variety — all this in the name of the Christian religion, in the name of Christ.

To use a colloquialism: Look who's talking!

German Paganism

In their passionate revolt against Christianity (Jewish) and Western civilization (Jewish and Mediterranean, therefore un-Germanic), the Nazis have been driven to seek new gods and heroes in their tribal past — or what they imagine to be their tribal past. Such an emotional revivalism as the Nazi upsurge had perforce to take on a religious form. Hence the neopagan and heathen religious movements whose followers glory in their muscular, naked paganism.

The greatest of these sects is the German Faith Movement, also known as the German Heathens, whose founder and president is Wilhelm Hauer, a former pastor and now professor of "theology" at the University of Tübingen. The sect has a million members, including such important Nazis as Darré, Minister of Agriculture; Streicher, boss of Franconia; and Wagner, Number One in Bavaria. It enjoys the status of a semiofficial religion.

Writes Founder Hauer:

> We must protest against the claim of the Christian religion to be the religion of the German nation. For its essence is determined by factors which are quite foreign to us, and which we feel to be repugnant. . . . We protest against his [Jesus'] being imposed on us as a leader and pattern. . . . Before us lies the goal of a Teutonic, a German morality which will rank higher than that of Christianity. . . . The German of today feels the Protestant and Catholic schools to be an unbearable yoke and most deadly peril.

The movement has its creed. Here are some of its articles:

> If we turn from Jews in politics and business, in art and science and law, then we can no longer allow our religious faith to be determined by Jews.
>
> We believe no more in the Holy Spirit; we believe in the Holy Blood.
>
> The essence of Jewish-Christianity is Sin and Absolution; the essence of Nordic Paganism is Blood and Honor.
>
> To celebrate festivals we need no priestly caste. . . . The Storm Troop leader or the Black Shirts can hold these celebrations more beautifully and naturally than any paid agent of an alien religion.
>
> The German people need no Bible.

Other sects are trying to retain a few of the elements of Christianity — but reshaped to fit the new tribalism. They hold, with Alfred Rosenberg, that "Christ was obviously a Nordic," blond, muscular, square-headed, a mighty wielder of the sword. These new pagans are likewise rewriting the Bible to make it a purely Teutonic book.

Thus Wilhelm Teudt edited the Psalms and eliminated all "Oriental exaggerations." Here is a sample, from the Eighty-seventh Psalm:

King James' version	*Herr Teudt's version*
The Lord loveth the gates of Zion more than all the dwellings of Jacob.	The Lord loveth the yew tree of the Odenwald and the oak of the Baltic.
I will make mention of Rahab and Babylon to them that know me; behold Philistia and Tyre, with Ethiopia; this man was born there.	Behold the lands of the Goths, the Langobards, and Andalusians; it shall be said our brethren were born and died there.

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Over and above the purely pagan cults, which claim to be religious, there is also the cult of the state and the worship of the Führer. To millions of Germans, it is self-evident that Hitler is a divine figure. The Führer encourages this faith by every technique known to his Minister of Propaganda. As the Archbishop of Baltimore said of Hitler, "he not only rejects God, but would make himself God."

Dieter Schwarz, writing in the *Schwarze Korps*, official journal of Hitler's Élite Guard, explains that Naziism is a faith movement based on the essential principles of leadership, followership, race, nation, nationalism, socialism, Germanism:

> The aim of the Nazis is not to give up the fight until these basic principles have transformed the German State, until the whole public and cultural life, art, theater, film, education, science, school and family, not to mention the life of each individual German, has been so remade.

In the center of this welter of tribal confusion — blood, battle, honor, race, obedience — stands the awe-inspiring figure of the Führer. Official portraits show him in dreamy postures, his head bathed in a mystic light.

One caption under such an icon in the *Schwarze Korps* reads:

> To Thee, O My Leader, belongs everything we possess,
> Our goods and our lives,
> Our hearts and our souls.

As Adolf Wagner, the potent lord of Bavaria, exclaimed at a mass meeting in Munich, "Adolf Hitler's books and speeches are our Sermon on the Mount."

And the *Nationalsozialistische Monatshefte* states authoritatively that the "symbol of our faith is the hooked cross. It is our religion and symbol of life."

The False Peace

Now where does all this fit into the picture? Briefly this: every tenet of Naziism violates the core and soul of Catholicism.

Even if the Catholic Church were to blink at this (hoping for the madness to pass) the Nazis would not. The Nazis have issued an ultimatum to the "alien" church: Either you accept our nationalist, Germanic, pagan ideology, and we will let you live; or be eradicated from the German soul and soil.

And the Catholic Church, despite her desperate eagerness to compromise, could not swallow the neo-Teutonic dose. Catholicism choked on the race dogmas, on the pagan marriage laws, on the blood-and-soil doctrines of a racist state. The Pope, with a bluntness that was as admirable as his courage, attacked the race theory as an "idolatrous cult." The Catholic Church, he pointed out, was "founded by the Savior for all peoples and all nations."

But Hitler affirmed that the "State must control all attitude-shaping influences absolutely, completely, and irrevocably."

That left no room whatsoever for the Church, and the war was on.

At bottom it resolves itself into a struggle for the souls of the German youth — that is to say, for the very future of Germany. Both the Catholics and the Nazis are sharply aware of the obvious truth that victory lies with him who wins the youth.

Hitler has said: "Youth is our future. If the older generation cannot get accustomed to us, we will take away the children and rear them in our spirit."

When such a prize is at stake, no weapon is too mean and no stratagem too contemptible. Dr. Goebbels has proclaimed: "Propaganda knows neither right nor wrong, neither truth nor falsehood, but only what it wants."

In this war the Catholics expect no quarter, and the Nazis give none.

Not that the Catholic Church declared this war or even wished it. As far back as the summer of 1933, Cardinal Pacelli and Franz von Papen signed for Church and Reich a concordat which solemnly guaranteed the German Catholics their privileges, liberties, and prerogatives. The Vatican was enlisted in a crusade against communism, and, like so many other conservative forces, hoped to use the Nazis as a tool against the Bolsheviks.

In its anticommunist zeal, the Church signed what amounted to the death warrant of the historic Center Party, powerful champion of the German Catholics. Old and wise, the Church might have remembered that he who employs a gangster has no guarantee that the gangster will not turn on him.

For his part, Hitler considered the concordat merely a temporary instrument to disarm the then powerful Catholic parties and paralyze the splendid Catholic workers' unions. More-

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over, the Nazis still needed Catholic sympathies in winning the Saar and Austria.

The ink was hardly dry on the document before the sniping at the Church began.

Within eight months, Pope Pius found it necessary to refer to the "tragic and memorable hour" through which Germany was passing:

> We say tragic and memorable because the threat of great evil is becoming constantly stronger and more frightening. . . . A time when hysteria of thought, idea, and action which is neither Christian nor human seems to prevail, and when many are living in a kind of spasm of racial feeling which can lead to nothing save arrogance and the repudiation of the Christian and human spirit.

How Can the Church Survive?

EVERY ARTICLE of the concordat today is being cynically violated.

"With the Concordat," said Cardinal Faulhaber of Munich, "we are hanged; without the Concordat, we are drawn and quartered, and then hanged."

The Bishop of Ermland (East Prussia) wrote in a pastoral letter which was confiscated by the secret police:

> True, we have a Concordat. . . . But the German people and the German youth are taught in classes and formation camps that Papacy as a supra-national power is standing side by side with Jewry and Freemasonry.

Finally the Pope himself issued his famous encyclical in which he admitted that the concordat was a "tree of peace" that bore no fruit and confessed his "burning anxiety" as to the future of the Church in Germany.

To which Hitler's answer was: "We will tolerate no criticism."

Hitler in *Mein Kampf* wrote:

> It is of the genius of a great leader to represent even widely differing enemies as belonging to only one category, because to realize several enemies at a time may, in feeble and uncertain minds, easily engender doubts of one's own right.

Following that principle, Goebbels issued orders to the press in 1938 to refer henceforth to Catholics and communists as linked enemies of Germany. This was a variation of an older theme: "Jews are Communists and Communists are Jews." Soon all Germany obediently reverberated to the new slogan of "Roman Internationalism, the ally of Communism."

Goebbels' own *Angriff* constantly sneers at the "abnormal alliance between the clergy and Marxism."

The *Völkischer Beobachter* speaks of the "criminal attitude" of the Catholic Church and its Muscovite ally.

The official *Schwarze Korps* refers to Czechoslovakia as the creature of the Pope and his friend Stalin.

A Party pamphlet, *Men Around the Pope*, accuses the Vatican and its Muscovite ally of having caused the Spanish civil war. It asserts boldly that the papal nuncio to Madrid, Tedeschini, "was nothing better than a Marxist."

The October 15, 1938, issue of the *Beobachter* carried a large front-page cartoon showing the mask of a harsh-faced Jesuit, with a Jew looking out over the forehead and on either side the shadows of a bandit and a Bolshevik gunman. The caption asks, "Whose business are you running?"

A Nazi scholar writes: "There are three powers that are deadly enemies of any State: Jewry, Marxism and Catholicism."

The Nazis are ready for the final showdown. They have issued warning that this day of reckoning is coming. A Party pamphlet states baldly: "We must annihilate the Black International."

Almost six years of anti-Catholic propaganda have done their work. Catholic families have been split by the incessant storm of criticism and ridicule; Catholic children have broken from the faith, unable to stand the barrage of mockery and hostility. As far back as 1936, priests in the Rhineland admitted privately that one half their flock was already lost. The percentage is undoubtedly even higher today.

If the Nazis remain in power for another decade (and there seems to be nothing to stop them), Catholicism — and, with it, all Christianity — may be obliterated in Germany. The Protestant churches, by virtue of their government-controlled organization and traditional obedience to the state, fell easy victims long ago. The older generation is dying out, and the younger is being brought up in paganism. Only a miraculous change in the regime (or a war in which Germany loses) can save Christianity in Germany — and, thereby, Germany for European civilization.

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What a Suicide Leaves Behind

ANONYMOUS

FOR FIVE YEARS I have been a widow. There are widows and widows. The mourning I was quick to wear as a protective distinction between me and ordinary happy people who go in and out of unbroken homes came to be an intolerable burden. It came to seem like a hypocrite's costume. Strangers treated me with extraordinary gentleness; my friends, on the other hand, went to any lengths to ignore the fact that I was dressed in black. Whichever attitude I met, I found it unbearable. There should, I used to feel with some bitterness, be a special kind of mourning for women in my position, for I was a special kind of widow. My husband committed suicide.

When I was merely thinking of writing this, I actually believed that I had lived through and lived down my bitterness. Now that I have written only these few words, I see that I still have a long way to go. The sense of moving, of talking, of living always behind a barrier is not yet dispelled. The violent dislocation of my life and my children's lives has not been righted and may never be.

Perhaps it is — it *must* be, I think in some moods — fair enough that my life should have been so devastated; for I must, in some way I still cannot fathom, have failed Richard. Perhaps it is fair that I have to go on bracing myself to meet the world, trying not to let my disillusionment enter into other relationships, trying to keep the inevitable cynicism I feel from warping and undermining every judgment. That may be my penance for the sin, whatever it was, by which I became unable to sustain my husband's courage and his belief in himself.

But, in spite of all my caution, my children show the same bitterness, and we cannot talk to each other. The few times we have tried to do so have been worse than silence.

What can you say to your son — and the son of a man who killed himself — when he says to you quietly, "I don't believe that I will marry"?

If you have never lived through it, I am sure you think there are a dozen wise things to say.

It is partly because we are so unimaginative for others that there are suicides. Six years ago, I might even have been ready, heaven forgive me, to give advice to a woman in the same position as I am now. Today, I like those of my friends best who were unable even to write to me when the news of my husband's death became public.

When my son made that comment to me recently, I was fitting a cigarette into a holder. The cigarette broke, and I picked up another.

Five minutes later my son got up, said, "I'm sorry," and left the room.

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I sat where I was for four hours; then I went to bed.

I can't say I suffered, I can't even say I thought. But later I did. It came back to me like a scene in a book, but I still did not see what that woman — whose husband, after twenty-two years of marriage, had killed himself — could say to a son who distrusted himself, distrusted life, distrusted marriage.

Because he must also have distrusted his mother, who had somehow failed his father, and since I now distrust myself, have no belief in myself for one single moment of my day or night, cannot offer even the most minute plea for myself without wondering how it sounds to others — since these things are so, what is there that I can ever say?

All I have to say must be said to Richard, who can never answer me.

Two months after Richard died I was trying to stop thinking by any means I could find. I remembered that Meredith had always both enthralled and stupefied me; that I used to come out of reading him dazed. I thought he would be just the author for me.

Unfortunately, in my first night's reading, I came on this:

"It is the silence of the God we dread, not his deafness. Silence is the unbearable repartee."

That is it: the silence. You say to the one who shared everything with you for nearly a quarter of a century: "Why did you do it? What was it I failed to do? Wasn't there something we could have worked out together? Did you really think I would prefer security without you to worry by your side?" — and there is never any answer. You will never know the answer to one of your questions. You may guess as much as you like. You may feel certain that you have a clue. Actually, you never have.

Merely by his willingness to go out of life like that, to do something which, however black things may have looked temporarily, you had never for a moment believed could be done by someone you knew, such an abyss shows there between your mind and the mind you thought you knew in every mood and movement that you look back on your life together aghast. Thinking you were married, you were living side by side with a stranger.

Everything is tainted. Everything. Nothing is saved. The jokes you had together, the little customs that grew up through years of marriage, every memory of tenderness, every memory of passion — all gone. All those things you thought were bonds linking you together forever were not strong enough to keep the man you loved by your side. He went, tearing through all of them to get away from you; and you see that what were less than threads to him were living veins to you. Torn, they bled.

Then realization comes, and you wish to God they would bleed again; but they never do.

II

That is the heart of it: the senseless holocaust that suicide makes of the lives that are left.

My daughter, at the circulating library, says, laughing, to the librarian, "None of that happy-ending tripe!"

It is not a pleasant laugh, and my daughter is not yet twenty.

When she was fourteen she said to me: "I tell girls who say they'd rather die than be middle-aged that they should see my father and mother."

I keep hoping that she has forgotten she said it and I hope that someday I may forget it, too.

Sometimes I wish more than anything in the world that my son and daughter could tell me what kind of terms they have come to with the knowledge they have of their father's death, what pattern they have made for themselves, of our life together and the dreadful, violent end of it, which allows them to go on living even as courageously as they do.

I am not very likely to find out. To arrive at a way to bear the knowlege, they must certainly have had to cast some blame on me and they are, naturally enough, almost morbidly considerate about my feelings. They never talk to me freely now.

So that is another consequence. No doubt Richard thought, if he thought at all, that I should have the two children for comfort. We had always been an unusually united family, frank and outspoken — yes, we were! — with each other, but, since we genuinely respected and liked each other and since we amused each other royally, we were more closely knit than most families. Well, at the risk of sounding melodramatic, I must say that I wish Richard had also realized that when he killed himself

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he might just as well have arranged to have me and his children talk to each other forever over his dead body! I constantly dream that as a nightmare, so I might as well say it outright, under cover of anonymity. I and my children talk to each other always over a space that is exactly the length and breadth and depth of an open grave. I wish Richard could know it.

There comes the next truth: he has taken away from me my tenderness for him. All my love has been thrown back at me in the most violent gesture a human being can make. He might have tried to kill me without so destroying my love for him; but why, *why* couldn't he see that he could not kill himself without ruining every memory of our married life? What possible blindness descended on him that he could have done that?

With the bitterness these five years have taught me, I must say that I can hardly help knowing the thought, here, that occurs to any reader who has not had my experience: that this attitude of mine must be a purely personal one, that perhaps, indeed, it indicates the very thing in me from which my husband was glad to escape.

I am defenseless. I cannot answer that charge. What can I say?

I tried to talk to a physician, a friend of my husband's, on the day after the funeral.

It will be a long time before I forget the look that came over his face. Still kindly, still hoping to be helpful, he could not keep from showing that he felt I was about to make him party to an unconscious plot to blame my husband for everything.

Nothing was further from my mind, but I stopped short as if I had been about to justify myself. At one glance, my hope that I might talk myself out of part of my pain was wiped away. I had said, "Of course, we were financially pressed, and the house was crowded, but —." I was going on to say that this was only temporary; I saved my breath.

His face said more plainly than words that also, of course, there was more to the story than that.

Did he think I did not know it? Did he think I could stop my mind for one single second from searching after the "something else" that must have weighed down the balance in favor of self-destruction?

He said, so kindly: "Fortunately we know, now, that anyone who commits suicide is temporarily insane." But his kindness was all for me, and he could not quite help showing me that he did feel I might have been bright enough to spare Richard some of the burden that had broken him.

I thought so, too; I still think so. But, try as I may, I cannot look back and find the moment when I should have been warned that Richard was bearing too much.

III

We were all standing more than we were used to, but it was hardest for him. Well, that goes without saying, of course. (There you are! Even "anonymously," I am still afraid someone may think I am squirming out from under my responsibility or trying to sound the note of martyrdom.) But it was harder for him because of his background, which was quite different from mine.

He was brought up in real poverty, of the sort that is not even "genteel," and the success he made for himself he had worked for since his fourteenth year. I came from a family which was usually comfortable, occasionally in straits. When we were poor, we pulled in; when we were safe, we expanded a little.

Poverty never had the terrors for me that it had for Richard; and so, I suppose, I did not see the danger signs. I thought that in our years together I had taught him to trust me to get by and stay happy, whether we had much or little.

He was unusually dependent on me, and in the last year of his life we had almost no privacy. The depression hit his business amidships. I walked the floor with him then, and together we worked out a way of living which made it perfectly possible to get along on what little we could still count on. But then the depression dumped two dependents on us, and our privacy was gone.

The aunt who had brought him up, my younger sister — within a month of each other they had to take refuge with us. His aunt would have to be with us until her death; she is still with me today. My sister, a trained nurse, had strained her back lifting a patient and would be helpless on our hands for half a year.

We were crowded together in our small apartment as Richard and I had not been

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crowded since both babies were young. We seldom saw each other alone, and, even with our door closed, our voices carried. There was not enough money for meals away from home very often; theaters were beyond our budget for the time being; and movies never rested Richard.

He needed space, quiet, and the chance to talk to me. I still believe that if he could have had those he would be with me now.

But another year, and he *could* have had them again. That is the thing I return to over and over.

I have no friend so dear that I can put this case to her; I have tried, and failed, to put it to my children. If it was as simple as that, they think, surely "it" wouldn't have happened. And they wonder — small blame to them — just what I did to put the finishing touches on Richard's endurance.

But it *was* that simple: he had been thrown off balance by poverty and too little peace.

There is a wall forever between those who are sane and those who are out of balance. If I had not come so close to losing my own mind in these last five years, perhaps I could not even yet see how it was possible for Richard to lose all sense of the future, so that wherever he turned he could see only the prospect of unremitting work for him and for me, not enough money to go amply around, no privacy or real companionship, not even a quiet spot, except in our small, hot bedroom, where he could read peacefully after the strain of the day.

Lying awake in the black night, over and over, I have almost felt myself *become* Richard — felt the pressure in my own head that he must have suffered. I suppose even the fact that, coming from a large family, I could stand a number of people around without too much annoyance must have made me seem callous to his distress. Then, too, his aunt had been (and still is) one of those "uncomplaining" martyrs. In the first year of our marriage, the greatest adjustment we had to make was her inheritance to him: if I were quiet, Richard began to worry for fear I was hiding hurt feelings or "being brave." We lived through it together, partly by my becoming more talkative, even when tired, partly by his coming to see that sulking was not in my nature. But I suspect that, in that last year and particularly after his aunt came to live with us, he fell back into the old pattern and, because I could not talk our old friendly nonsense in a house full of strangers, he must have thought —

IV

THERE! That is what goes on forever: "He must have thought. . . . He probably felt. . . . If he could have told me!"

There is no end to the ways one tries to approach the problem and none which, spoken, does not sound as if one were trying to wipe away some deep, interior sense of guilt. And never, never can you find the certain, the absolutely unquestionable resolution of your doubts. In retrospect, now, I must always see myself as having gone "cheerily" along, being sure I was making my husband happy when actually he was hiding some trouble from me. When I was proud of having saved him money and when I talked about it, he must have thought I was reproaching him for giving me so little. . . .

"He must have thought —!"

Worst of all is that, like a savage, I cannot quite believe that he has gone and I am continually thinking, angrily and bitterly, of things I hope he sees.

That is a dreadful admission to make.

Long ago I met a woman whose son had killed himself. I used to wonder how she bore it. I had a kind of sentimental picture of her pain.

When we had known each other for years, she spoke of him.

I murmured something, feeling — as my friends do now, God help them! — a little embarrassed for her.

She said sharply: "Please don't commiserate with me! He had *no right* to do such a thing to me!"

I was shocked then to my sentimental core; today I know that is true. No human being has any right to do such a thing to another. I should almost say that the only decent, honest, straightforward reaction to a loved one's killing himself *must* be anger. Any other

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attitude is to deny that there was ever any living relation there at all.

I wish Richard hadn't been so awkwardly guileful; he was never a good liar. Why did he have to "fall" from a window everyone in his office knew could not be fallen from? Why did he have to think up that story about having to work with papers which must not be blown around and so needing to lock his office door? Why did he have to have his insurance papers so conveniently at hand?

How could he have failed to know that we could never think of him again without pain? Did he think of the number of times his children would have to fall silent when their friends spoke of their fathers? Did he see that every newspaper, every novel, every play might be a trap to precipitate us, gasping, straight into our agony? Did he guess that his son would come to think of his own naturally taciturn nature as fostering a possibly suicidal tendency? Could he guess that his daughter would say, "I should like to marry — but only to change my name"?

In religion, he was always a skeptic, I was always inclined to be a believer in survival. I thought he came my way. Which was he when he stood on that window sill? Can anyone alive tell me that? At one moment, I think he could have gone only if he were sure of meeting me again to tell me about it; the next, it seems to me he felt he was proving conclusively that death was the end.

What did he think he was giving us by his death? What was he getting for himself?

I once heard of the wife of a suicide who spent all his fortune running from medium to medium. That is not in my temperament, but I wish it were; I wish I could believe that someone could easily reach him for me.

If I could tell him only one or two things, I think I'd tell him that, whereas I used to call him "Dick," I now speak of him, formally, as "Richard"; that the children, who called him "Dad," can now say only "Father"; we are all not quite sure we really knew him.

Then I should tell him that the children, who were to be my comfort, can talk to each other but not to me and that this is a dialogue I overheard between his fifteen-year-old girl and his eighteen-year-old son:

"Well, I know one thing!" said our daughter: "I know I'll never kill myself."

"You don't even know that," said our son in reply.

We have room enough now; we have the insurance money. We have not one single thing besides. Everything in our world is warped and distorted by that one act of the man who loved us. We cannot see friends, family, strangers, or each other as we used to. The past is like a pleasant dream that turned into a nightmare; we can just get through the present without showing how we wince at every turn; none of us cares to talk any more than necessary about the future that the insurance money has made so ironically safe.

If he could have carried his imagination for us just one step further —

It isn't your heart that aches, that dies at the suicidal blow. It's the spirit which has to keep on going — cold, bruised, lonely, always asking unanswerable questions and never learning not to ask them. That's what aches.

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Death Watch in CZECHOSLOVAKIA

by **B. T. REYNOLDS**

MEASURED BY ORDINARY standards of time, we were in Czechoslovakia for fourteen days, but it seemed a lifetime, during which we saw a proud and independent people pass from defiance to despair.

The Czechs, who had commenced by shaking their fists in our faces, now tended pathetically to rely on us. From "observing officers" they promoted us by rapid stages to the "British mission" and thence to the "British commission." Had I known at the time that this superstructure of prestige rested on mere bluff, I should have felt considerably less confident. If we achieved anything, the credit rests with our chief, who sat in Prague, sponsoring our activities and encouraging us, whilst all the time he knew that we had not even been recognized as part of the machinery of the commission in Berlin. Once in Czechoslovakia, we were nobody's children. We were cast adrift to do what we could, while officialdom prudently refused to commit itself. From the first day to the last, our chief was riding a high horse between two precipices.

Hastily recruited two days before, seven of us landed at the Prague airdrome on October 1, with twenty-five more to follow. Most of us were German-speaking retired officers of the British army and navy, but two journalists were included and two ex-detectives of the Special Branch of Scotland Yard — all under orders from the Foreign Office.

In civilian clothes and armed only with our passports and an authorization from the Czech government, we were distributed in pairs along the front where the two armies were still facing each other. Our first function was to act as the eyes and ears of the commission of ambassadors in Berlin. Though we were warned that we had no executive authority and were not even empowered to act as mediators, when need arose we were to bring the two sides together so that they themselves might negotiate. Finally, we were to do all in our power to prevent incidents or bloodshed that might precipitate a fresh European crisis.

UNREST IN KRUMAU

THERE WAS HOSTILITY in the air and even in the faces of the servants who gave us our first hasty meal, so that I felt like a man entering a house of mourning where the relatives strongly suspect him of having poisoned the deceased. I was not sorry to go out that same afternoon to Budweis in southern Bohemia and from there the next day, with Major Sutton-Pratt, to Böhmisch Krumau.

Though Krumau lay between the lines of the two armies and was still officially in Czech territory, the fifteen hundred inhabitants were predominantly German and had been armed by the Sudeten Deutsche Partei, while the officials, the Czech minority, and the *gendarmerie* had been driven out. As we passed the barrier on the road marking the last Czech post, our chauffeur became so nervous that we stopped to leave him behind and to drape the bonnet of our car with a Union Jack, a relic of coronation decorations which my wife had thoughtfully put in my bag.

Down deserted streets we went to a barricade at the town gate and, walking now — carrying the Union Jack — emerged around a bend to find a barbed-wire entanglement guarded by fifty men and boys wearing German steel helmets. All were armed with rifles or tommy guns, their belts hung with stick grenades. Fortunately, someone recognized Sutton-Pratt, who had been "observing" for some time, so we had a friendly reception; but the group was

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incensed about a Czech tank that had driven through the town that morning and fired several rounds from its gun and some bursts of machine-gun bullets. Inspecting the damage in one ancient tower through which a shell had crashed, we found ourselves walking on stacked boxes of hand grenades.

Back in Budweis, or České Budějovice, we found the Czechs weighing the possibility of taking Krumau, using a battalion, a field battery, and a company of tanks. Czech inhabitants were still hanging on in houses on the outskirts, and they felt that something must be done to re-establish their prestige and authority. The *gendarmerie* would be inadequate, but a full-scale military operation within two miles of the German line would, they rightly felt, be almost certain to provoke retaliation.

A day or two later they decided to release a Sudeten political prisoner and send him to Krumau to calm the people. Then they would be disarmed if possible, and the *gendarmerie* established on the outskirts to protect the Czechs still living there. Some of these had fled to Budweis; others were in hiding. I had heard pitiful tales from their friends. Others had been captured by S.D.P. patrols and taken as hostages.

Herr Kundt, a Sudeten German deputy of the Czech parliament, was the released prisoner sent to Krumau. He made an appeal to the people, standing on the monument in the center of the square. The entire population that day was panic-stricken and running around in circles. As we arrived at the barricade, rifle fire sounded off in the wooded hills, and, when a spent bullet hit the radiator, our Czech chauffeur prudently wrapped himself in the folds of the Union Jack and followed us.

With me was a young journalist, the "observing officer" attached to me. We two had been in Krumau the day before and had visited the nearest German post, passing along a road garlanded and flagged and lined with cheering crowds. Krumau itself had been decorated with swastika banners and pictures of Hitler and Henlein; and the people were armed to the teeth.

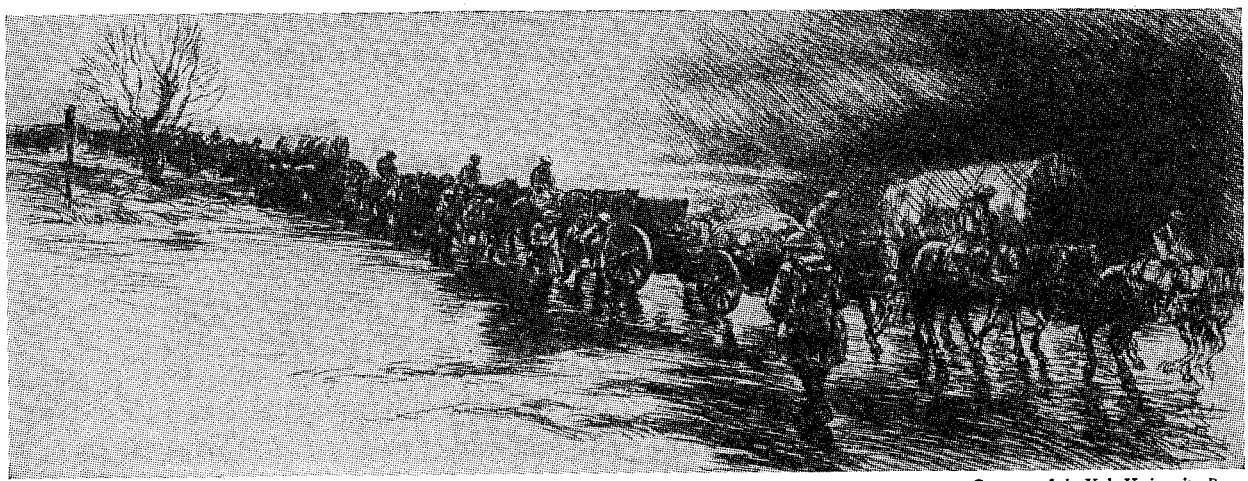
Now, not a Nazi emblem was to be seen, as Herr Kundt advised the residents to go to their homes. (He would have been more impressive if he had been given time for a shave since his confinement.) We added our word of counsel to the people.

The square was deserted when we joined Herr Kundt at the local hotel. He was a charming companion, the ablest of the Sudeten Germans whom I met. We talked about his choice of remaining a Czech citizen or becoming a German, and he made no secret of his intention of remaining in Czechoslovakia as long as there was a German minority there "for whom I could work."

Delicate Relations

We had the most friendly relations possible with members of the S.D.P. on our numerous trips to Krumau and beyond, so it was something of a shock when danger flared in the course of one of our attempts to ease difficulties.

We were having breakfast when three directors of the Spiro asked to see us. The Spiro paper factory, the second largest in the world, was between Krumau and the German lines,



Etchings from War, *by Kerr Eby*

Courtesy of the Yale University Press

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and these men had been ordered by the Prague government to bring away three trucks of newsprint lying on a siding. They wished to do so if the siding had not been occupied by the German army.

My young British assistant and I set forth to find out for them, taking them with us to the *Bezirkshauptmann* in Krumau, at his telephoned invitation.

We found him in consultation with the *Bürgermeister* and other officials and entered into a conversation that seemed drawn out to unnecessary length — when the door burst open and three steel-helmeted figures, rifles at the ready, sprang in. "We are the Freikorps and we arrest these men." There was a fanatical gleam in their eyes that promised little for any appeal to reason, but a vicious kick on the shin and the voice of my young assistant hissing in my ear, "For God's sake assert yourself quickly!" spurred me to explain who I was and to demand that the meeting adjourn to the nearest German military post.

The whole party arrived at a barrier of carts drawn up across the road near the factory. As it happened, the gates were in German territory. A message sent through to the post commander opened the barrier for our car, and we were invited to the headquarters of the post commander at the local *Wirtschaft*. Leaving the Freikorps men behind but keeping the three Czechs and the *Bürgermeister* with us, we trooped into a room divided only by a glass partition from a long hall where German soldiers and civilians were sitting over their beer.

Again we were explaining the situation — this time to the subaltern in command, an elderly reserve officer — when again a door burst open, and in marched another uniformed official with the same fanatical gleam that ruled out any appeal to reason. He clapped his hand on the shoulder of the nearest of the three Czechs, declaring, "I arrest these three men for having set foot on Reich territory." Though I explained, he was obdurate. "I am Kreisleiter Jobst, in political charge of this district. I have commandeered the factory and the paper and have sent for the Gestapo to take the three Czechs."

My only hope lay with the military. I impressed on the reserve officer that he was in command, since it was military territory, and that he should consult his colonel by telephone, telling him that the whole lot of us were coming to see him.

Jobst and the subaltern withdrew, leaving us alone with the Czechs; and, while we were waiting, my assistant (a lad who thought of everything) took down "last messages" to their wives. From time to time, faces pressed against the glass partition, and signs were made to the Czechs, indicating all too graphically what their fate was likely to be.

The colonel would see us, so we emerged onto the square to walk to our car. But our friend Jobst had not been idle. The populace was drawn up in a semicircle, with a number of black shirts and brown shirts in charge. A battery of cameras faced us too, and, as we passed, catcalls rang in our ears and cries of "Rassen Schande," "Pfui!" "Heraus mid den Juden." I noticed for the first time that one of the Czechs was obviously Jewish.

With our party still including the *Bürgermeister* and now increased by Jobst — who we learned had been formerly a painter of postcards — we proceeded ten miles to the village where the colonel had quarters in a hillside *Schloss*. Jobst went up to see him, while we waited for more than an hour under guard.

The colonel would see the British officers.

I sent back word that we would all come up together, or the colonel could come down to see me. I did not intend to let the Czechs out of my sight while in German territory.

But the colonel had no intention of coming down. At last the answer came. An escort would take us to the frontier — and we could take our Czechs with us!

But I hadn't forgotten the Freikorps. I planned to keep the *Bürgermeister* in our car as a hostage until we were safely out of Krumau. He escaped, however, in Krumau, by asking to go in to report to the *Bezirkshauptmann* and then refusing to leave the office. He ordered his chief clerk to go with us instead, but the poor man was in such a pitiable state of fright that we finally let him out of the car lest he should have a heart attack and his death be blamed on us.

The Unwanted

There were pathetic cases in Budweis of Czech refugees from Krumau who feared that husbands and brothers were in concen-

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tration camps; there were similar cases among the German minority. One woman begged us to intervene on behalf of her brother, who had been thrown into prison by the Czechs, his only offense, as far as she knew, that he had written a poem in honor of the Führer and carelessly left it on his desk. In addition, many Czechs had married Sudeten Germans. The two races appeared inextricably intermingled, and one wondered how on earth the ethnographic experts arrived at their neat statistics for this part of the world.

There was another class of refugees whose plight was worse.

One night as I was going to bed, two men came in, both Jews. They and forty-five others in the same position proposed to make an end of themselves that night, unless I could help. (With the vulturelike gleam of Herr Jobst's eye still fresh in my memory, I would hardly have dissuaded them.) They explained that they had received orders from the Czech police to return within twenty-four hours to their homes in German-occupied territory.

The chief of police, to whom I went at once, was acting on instructions from Prague. In the present position it was impossible, he said, for the Czechs to harbor any further minorities. The Germans had made use of the Sudetens to rob the Czechs of their ancient frontiers, taking land that had been theirs since the earliest days of the kingdom of Bohemia — and the Jews must bear their share of the blame, since they were partly responsible for bringing in the Germans in the fourteenth century! It was only justice that Jews and Germans should now go back to the Reich.

"But can you ask me to go back and tell them they must commit suicide tonight?"

He finally agreed to rescind the order for the time being, pointing out, however, that I as an Englishman must realize they could not keep these people indefinitely. "The ultimate responsibility for their fate lies with you and the other signatories of the Munich agreement."

Two days later the two men returned to show me a manifesto they had drawn up. In the name of some fifty thousand people, Jews and Christians, for whom life would henceforth be impossible in either Germany or Czechoslovakia, they demanded "of the Powers that have brought peace at our expense, not alms, but the chance of living a useful life in some part of the world suitable for white colonization." What struck me as particularly interesting was that the Jews refused to be separated from the German Social Democrats and others who were now their companions in misfortune. They wanted to embark on their new life together, as a single community. About 40 per cent of the intending emigrants were of peasant stock and accustomed to work on the land. The justice of their appeal cannot be denied, and our moral responsibility for their fate is clear.

Fortitude

As a soldier, perhaps the most moving thing I witnessed was the reaction of the Czech army, both officers and men, to the changing situation of their country.

The army, mobilized in a spirit of grim determination, with no illusions about the magnitude of its task and fully prepared to die, was snatched back willy-nilly from this fate. But the cause compared with which the men counted their lives as nothing was lost. I shall never forget the scene in the garrison commander's office the evening that a telegram came through with the full details of the territory to be given up. The colonel, a hard-bitten old soldier, burst into tears as I was talking to him, slumped on the floor, an inert mass, and was borne out on a stretcher.

Only two possibilities were now open to the Czechs; the first, to become the economic and political vassals of Germany; the second, chaos.

They feared that discipline would break down that night, and strong patrols were sent round the town to deal with possible disturbances. From conversations that I had with German officers I knew they were aware of the danger and fully expected that a situation would arise in which they would have to intervene to prevent the "triumph of communism."

It is to the eternal credit of the Czech army that in this crisis discipline held firmly. Arms were kept clean, horses groomed and fed. The retirement was carried out without a hitch. The men continued to obey their officers. There was no indiscipline. Several thousand troops in Budweis, and no embargo on the sale of spirits — but I did not see a single drunken man! I doubt if many armies in the world

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would have borne themselves so well in similar circumstances.

There was something almost frightening in the austere bearing of the Czechs in their misfortune.

I was in a *Wirtschaft* crowded with soldiers and civilians on the night that President Beneš abdicated. His farewell speech was relayed on the wireless. All rose to their feet and stood silently listening to the words of the man who had been their leader. The slightest sign of emotion would have relieved the intolerable tension, but there was none.

Yet they were a proud and free people. Their discipline sprang from something in themselves; it was in no sense imposed on them from outside.

Only in very few cases (and later) did I see signs of nerves strung too taut. One night the hotel proprietor came and told me that his old father had been beaten up by the Germans and left for dead on the road. I will not describe the scene; it is even now too painful. I heard then what I have heard only once before in my life and trust I may never hear again — a man mocking the things he had previously held most sacred with the shrill and horrible cackle of insanity.

After the Munich agreement, most of the Sudeten soldiers were demobilized and allowed to go to their homes. Others had deserted previously. At various times I saw a number of these men behind the German lines, still in their Czech uniforms, with swastikas chalked on their sleeves.

One evening I was talking to my friend, the colonel commanding in Budweis, and I asked him if there were any Sudeten German officers in the Czech army.

He said he had three serving in his regiment. Would I like to talk to one of them?

He introduced me to one of his majors and left us alone together.

The major had served in the Austro-Hungarian army during the war. In 1919 he had transferred to the Czechoslovakian army, with his rank and seniority, and had served in it ever since. His relations with the Czech officers had always been friendly, and, even in this last crisis, he had had no trouble with his men. But he dreaded the prospect in front of him now and asked whether there was any chance of England's re-forming the King's German Legion. "Why not raise a battalion of Germans?" he said. "I will be your first recruit. The K.G.L. served you well in the Napoleonic Wars and would do so again."

The End of a Chapter

Latterly, the greater part of our work consisted in calling the attention of the Germans to cases where their troops were over the official line. There was some excuse for them, because the commission in Berlin, the Czech army, and the German army were all working from different maps, none of which had the same scale. Nevertheless, in my sector at least, the Germans were constantly trying to pinch off an extra bit whenever this suited them. The prospect of getting possession of a road junction, a railway station, or a tactically important hill was sufficient excuse for advancing a kilometer or two or even more.

The attitude of the Czechs had changed, now that their fortifications were in German hands. They were afraid that the Germans did not mean to stop. A rumor went round that Hitler had declared his intention of being in Prague on October 28 (the twentieth anniversary of the founding of the Czechoslovak Republic). In these circumstances we were constantly being called on to accompany some Czech officer on his way to remonstrate with the Germans.

Fortunately, there was now a general feeling on both sides that the war was off.

As one Czech *gendarmerie* officer put it to me: "It's bad enough shooting one another when you've got to; but when it isn't necessary I call it just silly."

Animated by this sound sentiment he led us miles across plowed fields, often at dead of night, to see various German headquarters. Perhaps it was as well that there was a full moon, so that the sentries could see us, but we had not the slightest trouble on any of these expeditions.

Once a German cavalryman, stationed at a road junction, challenged us. He turned out to be a student, with a good knowledge of English, who was impatient to get back to his studies. "If this cursed Kartoffelkrieg [potato war] goes on much longer, I shall have forgotten everything I ever knew." We left him quoting yards of poetry about the beauty of the wooded hills in the moonlight.

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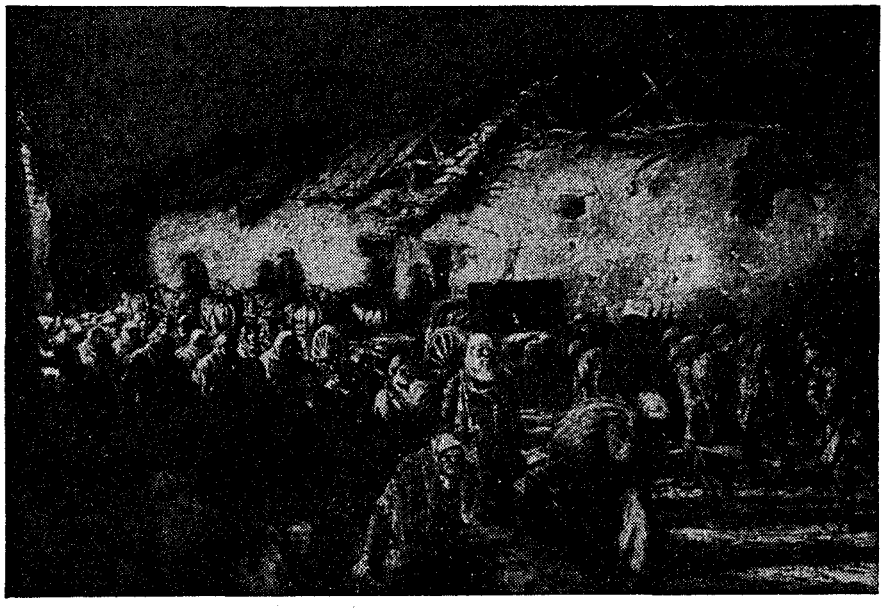
At last the day came when I was ordered to wind up affairs in my sector and return to Prague, whence a few hours flight would land me once more in London. I went round to say good-by to my Czech friends.

"You have seen the position here," one said. "The difference between us and the Germans is that we believe in the Fatherhood of God and the dignity of man; we are fundamentally a democratic people. They, or at any rate the Nazis, are not. Perhaps the fault lay originally in the French alliance and in our regarding ourselves as an outpost of the West in central Europe. We shall have to revise all that now, but for the moment all I know is that the waters are going over our heads as they did once before after the battle of the white mountain. Then we kept alive our faith for three hundred years. Somehow I don't think it will have to be for so long, this time." And then, wringing my hand: "Go back to England and tell your people what you have seen. Much of the trouble has been that your people have known so little of us. You who know us cannot doubt that the countrymen of Jan Hus will keep alive the common faith of both our countries. Ours is now the harder path. The future lies with England. God go with you."



The Altered Sky

No longer say that God is in His heaven
But dream Him otherwhere than in the sky
Which spills the cylinders whereby are riven
Fair spires of guiltless towns and children die.

The gracious sky to which we once upturned
Our eyes in hope and trust is changed indeed.
The ancient gesture soon will be unlearned;
We shall not look toward heaven when we plead.

Long blessed for suns and rains, the sky no more
Is innocent but sprinkles death and blight.
How can man blacken and debase with war
The heaven God designed to give forth light?

Adelaide Love

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Is Ghost Writing Dishonest?

A Debate

I—A Man Should Speak for Himself

***by* RAYMOND CLAPPER**

ONE MORNING during the political campaign last fall, I was in my office reading the text of a speech which had been delivered the night before by Thomas E. Dewey, then a candidate for governor of New York. To me it seemed an excellent speech, and, carrying the morning newspaper in my hand, I went into the adjoining editorial room and said to one of my colleagues, "Have you read this speech of Dewey's? It is a splendid job."

My colleague looked up and, in a matter-of-fact request for information, asked, "Who is writing Dewey's speeches?"

I said I didn't know.

Later, that conversation came back to mind, and I realized that unconsciously both of us had assumed that Dewey was not writing his own speeches. Both of us instinctively thought first of some anonymous ghost writer, buried in a quiet office, surrounded by reference material, grinding out speeches for one of the most conspicuously able candidates for office in that election, a man who is entirely competent to prepare his own speeches.

Ghost writing has become such a commonplace in politics that it is taken for granted. A politician is assumed not to have bothered to prepare his own written speeches.

Someone who wants to do his country a good turn should found a society to drive the ghost writer out of politics. When you hear a political speaker working from manuscript you are almost safe in assuming that a ghost writer is hovering around. The practice goes from Roosevelt down. It has turned political speaking into a synthetic, artificial, somewhat phony kind of public discussion actually conducted by an assortment of Charley Michelsons speaking through prominent political mouthpieces.

During the last two years of the Hoover Administration, Michelson had standing permission from a number of Democratic senators and representatives to issue statements of his own composition under their names. "Whatever you say I'll stand for." Consequently, whenever Hoover made some public statement, Michelson immediately pounded out an answer on his typewriter, selected the most effective name from his list of "ghostees," and within an hour had the Democratic comment laid down in mimeographed form on the desk of every Washington correspondent. His success with that technique has caused it to be generally adopted.

Postmaster General Farley, Chairman of the Democratic National Committee, doesn't write the speeches he delivers. They are prepared either by Michelson or by his assistant, Edward Roddan, who wrote Farley's recent book.

Most of the speeches made by John Hamilton, Chairman of the Republican National Committee, are prepared by his publicity director, Franklyn Waltman.

These official party ghost writers maintain speech factories for the good party men and women who are in need of literary assistance. Once I thought I detected a conflict of policy

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between two leading party figures, but I was promptly assured that I could not be correct, because the same ghost writer had composed both masterpieces, and he knew jolly well there was no conflict. He had tried to say the same thing in different words in the two speeches.

During the Senate debate last spring on the reorganization bill, two senators opposing the measure had the embarrassing misfortune to receive copies of the same manuscript. Each senator delivered the speech as his own and on the same day. If you will look in the permanent bound volumes of the *Congressional Record* for March 23, 1938, you will find, on page 3,903, remarks by Senator Byrd of Virginia which were repeated in verbatim passages an hour later by Senator Burke of Nebraska, as shown on page 3,948 of the same issue of the *Record*. Both had been supplied with the same ghost material, and neither had bothered to revise the text into words of his own.

In the same way, an identical passage appeared in speeches of both Franklin D. Roosevelt and Alfred E. Smith in the spring of 1932, when both were seeking the Democratic presidential nomination.

In the Library of Congress is a staff of research specialists assigned to prepare speeches for senators and representatives. Many members of Congress employ former newspapermen as secretaries and thus have their own individual ghost writers. Some of these secretaries are able to add to their earnings by writing magazine articles for the signature of the boss. They provide the copy, and the senators or representatives lend their names.

Ghost writing is not new. It has existed in American public life from the days of George Washington, whose farewell address was ghost-written for him by Alexander Hamilton.

When Andrew Jackson decided to issue his nullification proclamation, he called in his Secretary of State, Edward Livingston, who wrote the proclamation; but in this instance both the principal and the ghost signed their names to the document.

Harding and Coolidge had the same ghost writer for a time. He was Judson C. Welliver, once a Washington correspondent and hired by Harding to write speeches. Welliver studied the florid Harding style and imitated it perfectly. When Harding died, Welliver continued for Coolidge in the same capacity, switching to a more abrupt style. He took delight in editorials which commented on the contrast in literary style between Harding's ponderous speeches and those of the tight-lipped Coolidge, he having written both.

II

I WOULD NOT BE captious on the subject of ghost writers. So, to be sure of my ground, I have consulted one of the best of the ghosts, a man who has ghosted perhaps a hundred major speeches and magazine articles, leaving not a footprint behind to reveal his presence.

I offer him as an expert witness:

> There have been some worthy examples of ghost writing, or writing which by hasty definition would fall in that class. But as the practice goes now the evil far outweighs the good, blows little windbags up to three times life size, throws on them responsibilities they are incapable in their natural characters of assuming; and that's a bad thing all around. I say this as a retired ghost.
>
> There are degrees of ghosting. The worst kind is the 100 per cent kind where the ghost — because his publicity job demands it, or because he needs the money if a free lance — provides the idea, the language and the occasion. This is a bad thing, particularly in a democracy where things are supposed to be what they seem. Public men, above all should stand on their own. But when they provide the idea and the occasion, I think the offense is mitigated if they don't happen to have the right gift of language, and obtain some help on that. How many captivating orators has every generation known whose ideas haven't amounted to a whoop? So, if the sound and able man, who really has something to say and who deserves an audience, can borrow a few phrases from some oratorical or literary stylist who has nothing else, I think it may be excused, as with a scientist, a doctor, a soldier who really has something to say, something people should hear, and hasn't the gift or knack of expressing himself in language the populace will read.
>
> But all in all, discouragement of the practice is to be promoted.

With that statement of a ghost writer who knows his trade I am in complete agreement.

My complaint is, of course, directed at the practice as it exists in politics. In sizing up a candidate for office, particularly if he is not running for re-election to a post in which he has established a record of performance, the public necessarily must judge him to a large extent by what he says. It is the direct evidence of what the man is supposed to be. Yet the average candidate for office spends his time shaking hands, receiving delegations of voters, parading; and then, just as he mounts the platform to fill a speaking engagement, a secretary

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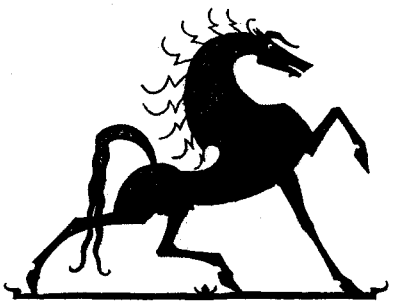
rushes up with the text of the speech, fresh from the hidden hand of the ghost writer. I have heard many an important political figure read a speech with halting mispronunciation, clearly indicating unfamiliarity with the text and with some of the eighty-five-cent words incorporated therein.

Voters are entitled to know what a candidate thinks and what he knows. If a candidate or a politician can't stand up and talk for thirty minutes or an hour about issues of this day in his own words and with his own thought, then he ought not to fake it by shoving out a speech which has been prepared for him.

Democratic government is, to a considerable extent, government by discussion. It is not enough to have good ideas. In a democracy it is important to be able to sell them to the public. If a political candidate is so inarticulate that he cannot rise to his feet and express himself with reasonable clarity, force, and sincerity, he is miscast — because he will need those very talents to advance his program in the public mind and in legislative debate. He had better give way and allow the ghost writer to be the candidate and himself seek some appointive office which does not require platform ability.

Ghost writing has grown to such an extent that it is something of a fraud on the electorate. Every politician's speech, like his income-tax return, ought to be required to bear a sworn affidavit stating whether or not the speaker has had the assistance of others in preparation of his text. Under such a system we probably should get worse speeches but more genuine ones.



II—A Legitimate Professional Service

by J. GEORGE FREDERICK

THERE IS an amusing side to the dogmatic claim of Mr. Raymond Clapper, the liberal journalist, that ghost writing is dishonest and undesirable. Mr. Clapper has many, many times "interpreted" the feelings and the opinions of the mute, inarticulate "masses." I submit that this, too, is a species of ghost writing, equally honest and equally a public service if competently and sincerely done (as it is by Mr. Clapper).

If you allow a lawyer to interpret what you, his client, think and feel; if you allow your salesman to interpret the "spirit" of your "house"; if you permit your delegated, appointed, or elected representative to "speak for" you, it is obvious that you are not doing anything fundamentally different when you permit a man to put your thoughts into better words than you can command (such expression being a recognized profession in itself).

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I think it is a distinct disservice to the cause of democracy and free discussion to spread suspicion as to the honesty and desirability of ghost writing. Mr. Clapper was fair enough to point out the excellent precedent set by the founding father, George Washington, whose deservedly famous farewell address was ghost-written by the brilliant thirty-one-year-old Alexander Hamilton. No soul in America, not even Mr. Clapper himself, I'm sure, is going to think any the less of that hallowed speech because of its "ghostly" origin. The character and the special skills of Washington did not include particular verbal felicity; in fact, research reveals that it included considerable profanity, misspelling, and cumbersome phraseology.

Some people like their great men in their great moments in all the crudity of life; but, assuredly, a little of this goes a long way, and sensible men know that formal historic occasions are not exactly to be regarded as informal smokers. Chatting in his press club with the press boys, Mr. Clapper does not, I feel certain, use quite the same well-rounded and edited phrases as when writing his column, yet Mr. Clapper is equally honest in both his formal and his informal language. Those men who have but one language, that of their everyday, idiomatic speech, somewhat inarticulate and clipped at that, who are in addition rather unused to speaking in rounded general terms, have not Mr. Clapper's advantage. They are dependent to a large degree, if they must write or talk, on men who have something of Mr. Clapper's professional training, to give adequate expression to their ideas — which are usually roughly hewn, vaguely adumbrated, or conceived in principle only and not made clear, full, or graphic. Men of action are usually short on words, as men of words are usually short on action. They need each other, for both words and action are basic forces in modern life — more and more, indeed, interdependent and interacting.

Those who frown on ghost writing are, I am sure, unaware that a logical result of any ban on it might be a return to the era of silence from which, fortunately, we were delivered when Judge Gary and John D. Archbold, in the first decade of this century, decided to permit interviews, speeches, and publicity. Prior to that (and for some, like George F. Baker and the elder Morgan, to their last day on earth) these men in high places were sensible of the fact that their everyday, casual conversation, spread on front pages, would be distorted and unrepresentative. America's lawyers were the first and perhaps the most extensive ghost writers and as such are still numerous today; and why the lawyer who writes his client's speech is honest and the ghostwriting journalist dishonest is a riddle that proves the silliness of the subject.

Today, more than ever before, men in prominent places, accepting increasingly the burden of "social responsibility" urged on them, must weigh their words well. In the past several years there have been two or three cases in which very prominent men said things, impulsively or casually, which were magnified, torn out of their context, and used disastrously against them. You or I would not have done any better; but the fierce white light that beats about a man in public life demands in him verbal facility and caution which few of us possess.

II

THE GHOST WRITER performs a distinct public service because he does what the public itself would like to do and what the journalistic reviewer has always done — he talks to the "ghostee" to bring out angles of his views or subject which to the public seem incomplete, vague, needful of expounding and elucidation. He obtains answers to questions which people want to ask, applies challenges which the public would like to present, and probes angles which have been overlooked.

In this process — as every able man knows — there is a gain for the man who is "ghosted," as well as for the public which later is exposed to the result. It prevents writing in an "ivory tower"; the competent ghost writer pulls his man out of this tower and says to him: "We should by all means give more specific detail on this point, not pass it by so casually; you don't realize, because you're so close to it, that people want to know more about this." The "ghost" also persistently presses his man to disclose more of his real self, to reveal aspects of his ideas and personality which will make him more familiar and better understood. The "ghost" will help him find courage to tackle delicate subjects and express his views on them in a reasonable manner. Too many of our

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prominent citizens have in the past aroused antagonism because no one spoke clearly for their points of view. They would not be interviewed; they would not make speeches; they would not write articles, because they were afraid of words.

This is an era when such conditions are archaic. A man in a prominent position *must* speak out; and, because he cannot be expected to be a master of words, he has the same right to engage help in this duty as he has to engage a lawyer or a doctor or a tailor. Lawyers and officeholders have usually received considerable special training in speaking and writing, industrialists and others in more private occupations much less frequently so. That is why the lawyer Lincoln did not need a "ghost" for his Gettysburg speech, whereas the surveyor-soldier Washington did.

I think the country has been the gainer because, for example, a man of Henry Ford's fertile brain had a Samuel Crowther, or because John D. Rockefeller had an Ivy Lee. Both of these men, it is my belief, themselves grew in stature and ideas because of the interaction between them and their "ghosts" — who, in a sense, also "ghosted" for the public, in an interlocutory manner.

One might easily cite abuses of the "ghosting" technique, but there are abuses of all good things. If we are going to call every piece of writing dishonest which is signed by someone who did not compose every sentence in it, then a great deal of writing will have to be expurgated or outlawed. The research work, even the actual composition, of a vast number of books, articles, legal briefs, editorials, public documents, speeches, plays, and so forth would have to be considered tainted. Many hundreds of textbooks, signed by sober, honorable university professors, could not stand the test.

Just what is dishonest about expressing yourself through someone else's research work or with the aid of his facility in English, when you yourself plan, edit, and take responsibility for the final result, has never been made clear. It cannot *ever* be made clear, because there is nothing dishonest about it. If you are willing to say, "These words are a fair, true expression of my views," and you know they are original, having honorably paid for the labor of their assembly, you are misleading no one and committing no act of injustice to anyone in issuing them over your name. On the contrary, you are making legitimate use of the most prominent principle of civilization — subdivision of labor.

Edison did not personally conduct every piece of laboratory research resulting in great inventions we call "Edison's"; nor have many other great projects of art, literature, science, or engineering been the sole work of the individual credited with them. That perhaps Prime Minister Chamberlain's wife writes some of his speeches is of no particular importance and certainly implies no dishonor to either. The speech is still indubitably Mr. Chamberlain's. That a prominent man employs a "ghost" to write over his name has even less meaning — little more than the fact that some men's secretaries rephrase their employers' letters for clarity or syntax. Even if the "ghost" puts new ideas and new arguments into his employer's mouth, or originates a major thought, even if the speech or book is written by the ghost from first word to last, without a comma's alteration by him who is to sponsor it, the sponsor's constitutional right to contract with another to create something and then take full title to it is fundamental and sound. The borrowing of ideas is as old as the first idea and as inevitable as any.

Next month:

"Higher Taxes, Please!"

by John Forsythe

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This Theater

by **LETA CLEWS**

WORD IS SPREADING that the theater is risen, and along Broadway there's a hint of revelry. Certainly it's a rare first half-year that produces as many successes.

Philip Barry is one of those who can talk about God without embarrassment or sentimentality, and he is a playwright who knows how to command an ear. In *Here Come the Clowns*, the quest for truth is taken up in the back room of Ma Speedy's Café, a frankly "miniature world," in which a number of vaudeville performers are induced by an Illusionist (who may or may not be the devil) to reveal their secret sorrows. This timeless question of evil in the world is expressed in extraordinarily moving fashion. Through his power of characterization and the eloquence of his writing Mr. Barry has created a series of personal tragedies — that of a dwarf with a normal child, for example — which might easily have become melodrama but remains genuinely affecting.

Much has been said of the play's confusion, partly, one suspects, because the production at its opening had not yet jelled. Aside from mechanics, however, it is true that Mr. Barry does not seem to distinguish between misfortune and evil and that his solution of the general problem is not altogether clear. Yet it is with a feeling of mounting suspense and excitement that, along with the characters, one considers these matters of major importance. And, if Lucifer seems after all to have won the war in heaven, there can be no doubt but that Clancy, looking for God, has found Him. As the bewildered stagehand, Eddie Dowling gives a simple, sincere, beautiful performance, that will not be easily forgotten. And, while the play is emotionally shattering, it ends on a note of rare exaltation. Whether or not it's a commercial success, there's a place waiting for it on that dustless shelf of plays that eternally justify the theater.

Abe Lincoln in Illinois makes a simple appeal, comparatively, and seems to be permanently entrenched in the hearts of his countrymen. Robert Sherwood's Lincoln is something new in the way of a hero and man of destiny, for his is the struggle *against* honor and fame; there is only one thing he wants, and that is to be left alone. Bewildered, melancholy, this Lincoln, with his gentleness and humor, who is superbly projected by Raymond Massey, gives one pause.

The play itself moves slowly, and somewhat stiffly through its series of episodes, and one could wish that Lincoln's friends and foes were more than sketched in. Chiefly one yearns to sense the greatness of Lincoln behind his psychological conflict (that greatness which is almost an obsession with every character on the stage) or, at any rate, to sense the power of his personality, if grandeur of *soul* can't get across the footlights. But naturally Mr. Sherwood's is not meant to be the whole story of Abraham Lincoln; his is a devoted and often moving study that helps to light a famous statue from within.

Coaxing a heroic figure onto the stage at all is probably the very toughest assignment in biography. But making a famous wit sound witty is no laughing matter. Yet Leslie and Sewell Stokes, out of Oscar Wilde's own words, have fashioned "the prince of paradox, the lord of language," whom Robert Morley almost miraculously brings to life. Theirs is also a magnificent rendition in three dimensions of the man who said, "I put my genius into my life, and only my talent into my work." The authors have handled the most famous courtroom case of modern times (after the Dreyfus) with extraordinary delicacy and tact, neither defending nor condemning but with sympathy for the loss of Wilde's artistic soul.

Strictly dramatic only in the crisis of the trial scenes, the Stokes play has us spellbound throughout, luxuriating up to our ears in the rare atmosphere of marvelous speech, a gift with which Clifford Odets, of those writing in America today, is so specially endowed. In his

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latest play, *Rocket to the Moon*, presented by the Group Theatre, he has forsaken the rights of man for the subject of love; and the first act, by unanimous decision, is the best thing he has ever done. It is packed with uncanny insight into human nature, and introduces his most sympathetic and convincing character to date — a hard-working, henpecked, kindly dentist, with a satyr for a father-in-law, who is about to plunge into the adventure of his life, with his eager young secretary. Always a little shy of developments, Mr. Odets is entirely carried away by the abstract implications of the situation, and the play ends in a symposium on life and love, while his characters lose their vitality and identity. The young secretary, in fact, turns into some kind of sprite and makes off with the play. All through, however, there are bits of that pungent, peculiarly flavored dialogue which has brought Mr. Odets his just fame.

Under Margaret Webster's direction, Shakespeare again sets his cap for the average man. This *Hamlet* combined the splendor of Tintoretto — in the court scenes — with the genre touches of Vermeer, reinterpreting the characters to give them charm and credence. The briskness and energy of Maurice Evans' Hamlet no doubt kept the play moving at top speed, but, despite the beauty of his voice, Mr. Evans gave no added significance to some of the greatest lines ever written for the theater.

The comedy mortality rate this year has been unusually high. *Missouri Legend* lingered longer than the others, which died at once and went to Hollywood. Thus, except for holdovers from last year (*What a Life* and *Bachelor Born*), *Kiss the Boys Goodbye* has ruled this field in triumph. The casting of *Gone With the Wind* has here provided Miss Clare Boothe with the excuse for the choicest bit of rolling nastiness since *The Women*. Helen Claire, as the little Southern ingénue, gives a virtuoso performance.

In absurd contrast is the recently arrived *Spring Meeting*, which is enjoying a huge London success. This "mad" Irish family may or may not be thoroughly incredible and tiresome but is just the right thing for conservative theater parties.

Knickerbocker Holiday is something of a novelty — a musical comedy by Maxwell Anderson with Kurt Weill's engaging music. It is a gay and very appealing piece on the antics and vagaries of our Dutch predecessors in Nieue Amsterdam. Some of Mr. Anderson's comedy is vaguely reminiscent of one definition of German humor — namely, a horse putting his foot on your shoulder — and he is not at his best with young love. But Walter Huston as Peter Stuyvesant is something to see.

The *Comedy of Errors*, a book by George Abbott, music and lyrics by Rodgers and Hart, Jo Mielziner settings, and choreography by Balanchine make up most of the immensely popular *The Boys from Syracuse*, except for two of Shakespeare's lines. These gentlemen have something there, although two sets of twins and mistaken identities aren't very hilarious — except for Jimmy Savo's pantomime. The jokes are obvious and of a particularly inexpensive brand. What the gentlemen have, however, is a production full of pranks and wanton wiles: costumes that suggest but never define, an elusively familiar set, a more or less "Greek" chorus of policemen and courtesans, and dances that defy all reason. One could wish that the authors had let themselves go just a little sentimental now and then and that their lovers were more romantic. Yet there is something highly original and conceivably artistic about the show.

Leave it to Me is typically, "carriage trade," combining Cole Porter's music, a snappy libretto, Sophie Tucker, beautiful chorus girls, expensive sets, and Victor Moore with Bill Gaxton. This time the little man is an unwilling ambassador to Russia, who is quite as unhappy as ever Throttlebottom was. For anyone who missed *Of Thee I Sing*, it will be a revelation. For the rest of us, there's always the first thrill of recognition.

Sing Out the News is by the authors of *Pins and Needles* — enticed uptown. The style is still leftist, but the punch is gone. The talents of some fine comedians are wasted, but the revue is nicely mounted and has two outstanding scenes with a negro cast.

If ever a show described itself, that show is *Hellzapoppin*, and it's no surprise by now that it has New York by the ears, in spite of the critics. It defies criticism. It's like a nightmare of old-time vaudeville, with everything grown miles bigger and much louder and the stunts gone wrong and with the Messrs. Olsen and Johnson guaranteeing that "you can't go to sleep," even if you're not amused.

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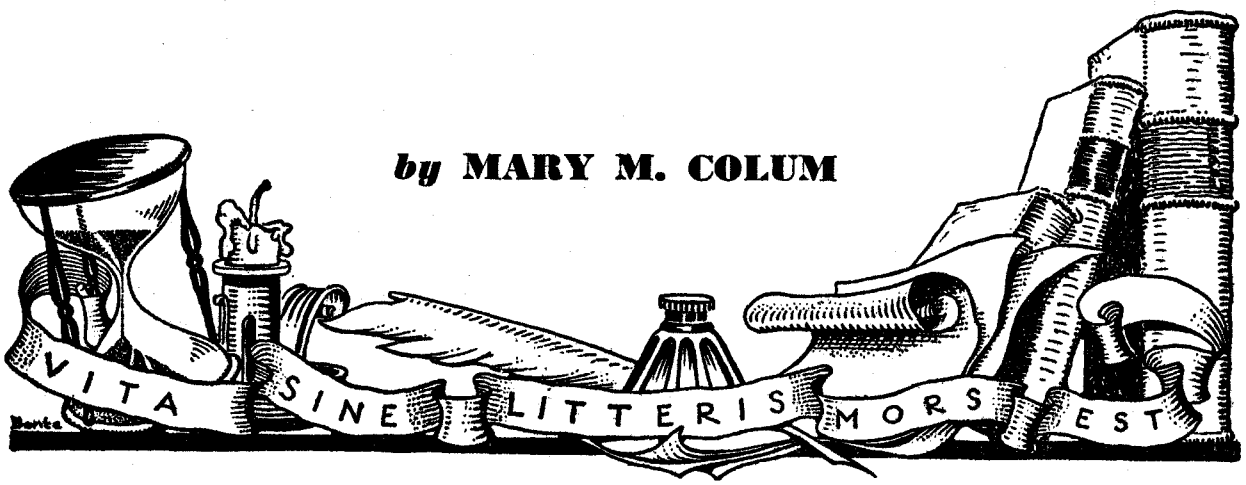
Life and Literature

The Season's Novels *



by **MARY M. COLUM**

ONE OF THE MAIN American passions, perhaps the most pervading one, is a passion for the past; given an able and accomplished writer, an almost sure-fire recipe for a best seller is to re-create some section or aspect of that past. To readers outside America the events and background of the Civil War have, of all American happenings, the most general interest: to such readers no novel about New England could make the appeal that *Gone With the Wind* has made. But inside America the New England characters and scene have, it would seem, the most perennial appeal. This may be due to a sense that the real psychic history of the country had its beginnings there. But, if writers feel this, they have done very little to make it understandable why or how these psychic beginnings were destined to penetrate the whole country, forming a sort of warp and woof for its spiritual life.

In Rachel Field's engrossing best seller, *All This, and Heaven Too*, the most interesting and dramatic part of the narrative takes place in France, and the section with New England scenes and personages has a certain flatness. Practically all the characters in this novel have had a historical existence. Henriette Desportes, the principal, is governess in the family of the Duc de Praslin, and is suspected of having had some part in the Duchess' murder, one of the most sensational of nineteenth-century French crimes. After being freed by the French courts she emigrates to America, becomes a French teacher in a New York girls' school, and eventually marries a New England clergyman ten years her junior — Rachel Field's own granduncle.

The story is truly amazing; the theme of the first two thirds of the novel, that of the friendless young girl who goes into a strange great house as governess and becomes involved in its tragedy and mystery, has, before this, shown its value in unadulterated fiction — it is the theme of *Jane Eyre*. Governess to the nine de Praslin children and sympathetic friend of their father, Henriette's relations with the Duchess are thwarted; they become inimical. The Duchess, jealous of Henriette's influence over the children and over the Duc, brings about her dismissal, sending her away without the recommendations that are necessary to her as a governess. Then the Duchess is savagely murdered; the Duc is suspected of the murder; he is incarcerated in one prison, while Henriette, in some way a suspect, is in another. The Duc dies of poison that he has taken, and Henriette Desportes, after the ordeals of interrogation by the court and trial by the Paris newspapers, comes to America.

The whole of the European section is an absorbing narrative, a story arresting in itself and here presented by a distinguished writer

* EDITOR'S NOTE: — *The books discussed by Mrs. Colum in this article are:* All This, and Heaven Too, *by Rachel Field (Macmillan, $2.50);* Black Is My Truelove's Hair, *by Elizabeth Madox Roberts (Viking, $2.50);* Testament, *by R. C. Hutchinson (Farrar & Rinehart, $3.00);* The Death of the Heart, *by Elizabeth Bowen (Knopf, $2.50);* Pilgrimage, *by Dorothy Richardson (Knopf, 4 vols., $3.00 each, set $10.00);* Life Makes Advances, *by Madeleine Boyd (Little, Brown, $2.75).*

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who obviously has spared no labor in thoroughly studying the people and the period. In comparison, the American part is unlively and colorless; it has no narrative interest whatever, although it has much of memoir interest.

It may be said to suffer from the defect that all sequels suffer from, the fact that the great moment has been passed. But it also suffers from that dryness, that sobriety that, in books at any rate, seem to be inherent in New England households. The heroine, so absorbing in the beginning, becomes, in spite of a few outbreaks in dressing and entertaining, the uninteresting wife of a New England parson. Rachel Field does not let herself go on the humor of certain situations — for instance, the Frenchwoman's dressing in her best *décolletage* to go to what she imagines will be a soiree but what turns out to be a session of prayer; or her visiting the sick in her husband's parish of West Springfield and listening to them talk about their sins. The French mind working on such things could have been made into a comedy that would greatly relieve the sobriety and godliness of this part of the book.

In some accounts of the trial, Henriette Desportes is represented as the Duc's mistress and a first-class adventuress. Rachel Field draws her as a woman of the highest integrity and the greatest charm, while she leaves her feeling for the Duc enigmatic. One cannot help hoping for another sort of book about Henriette Desportes, in which she will appear as the glamorous adventuress who vamped both the Duc de Praslin and the youthful Henry Field and who, no matter what happened to her in the world, always fell on her feet with the right side up.

A Southern Poetic Novel

Another book that comes out of the passion for giving America an inheritance, this time a folk inheritance and one that still actually exists, is Elizabeth Madox Roberts' *Black Is My Truelove's Hair*. It gives present-day Kentucky farm life in terms of a folk ballad.

Kentucky has folk songs and folk ballads of her own and versions from older countries. Like all people with such a tradition, Kentuckians are inclined to embody it in life; a people who can recite ballads and sing folk songs are likely to act like people in ballads, think like people in folk songs and love songs. This faculty and this inclination give a novel like *Black Is My Truelove's Hair* a romantic and poetic interest that is nearly always absent from New England novels.

Elizabeth Madox Roberts' novel has the pattern of a ballad. There is the girl who has met the strange and dangerous lover, the Love-talker who throws a spell over her and at the same time terrifies her. She leaves him and comes to love another, gentler man, one who will give her a quiet life; but she cannot give herself to this latter lover until the spell of the former is broken. It is broken, and the girl, Dena, is left to live a happily married life.

In its scenes with sheep and geese, its festivals and merrymakings, its traditional songs and music, *Black Is My Truelove's Hair* recalls one of Hardy's less tragic and less forceful novels, such a novel as *Under the Greenwood Tree*. Elizabeth Madox Roberts' great merit as a contemporary American writer is in her profound poetic sense. But this sense with her is not always well disciplined. When she comes on a scene that has intrinsic poetry she is apt to play up the poetry and ignore the necessity for action of some moving and dramatic kind. The ballad pattern she has adopted becomes a frame for idyllic scenes; there is much description for description's sake and a good deal of what seems to be a deliberate staging of interesting customs. But this writer is close to the earth in a way that few American writers are, and she can give a life to the tilled fields, to mulberry trees crowded with grackles, to cardinals looking after their nests, in a way that none of our present Northern or Western writers gives to their much advertised rural or farm novels.

The present reviewer is under a disadvantage in not knowing well Elizabeth Madox Roberts' work. But from this book it seems fair to judge that she avoids the drama and tension that inhere in her situations, that she underplays the tragic implications, that she is prone to be distracted from an emotional continuity by some pastoral happening, and that the idyllic is her main interest in writing.

An Outstanding English Novel

There was hardly a season for a number of years in which there was not published an American novel that was finer than any

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English novel published — and this in spite of the superior literary training of the English writers. But by a long way the best novel of 1938, it seems to me, is *Testament*, by the young English novelist, R. C. Hutchinson.

This writer is remarkable for a variety of reasons: one is that he is able to give his personages a whole civilization for an environment. With a versatility that would be a tour de force if it represented something less profound, he can give a distinct civilization in one book and another just as distinct in a second. In *Shining Scabbard*, the novel previous to *Testament*, he gave us French civilization, not superficially but integrally realized, as an environment for his characters. And in *Testament* he gives us Russian civilization, also, as far as we can see, integrally realized. No Western writer, if we except Conrad in *Under Western Eyes*, has succeeded in giving us an impression of being able to move through a Russian community and think through the Russian mind as R. C. Hutchinson does in this novel.

How can one define the kind of creative power that this writer displays in his novels, that was in *Shining Scabbard* and is in *Testament?* One can say that it is in Mr. Hutchinson's power of realizing human beings in situations so tense that all their powers, spiritual and emotional, are involved and assessed. We are made feel as if we were brought to a judgment.

In *Shining Scabbard* and in *Testament* the character has to do something that is spiritually almost superhuman or else fail utterly. Colonel Severin, in *Shining Scabbard*, fails and runs away from the judgment. Count Anton Scheffler, in *Testament*, faces the judgment — in his case, the judgment of a Bolshevik court. He asserts his human truth, and is brutally executed, leaving behind him an unconquerable piece of himself, his testament.

Everything that is both terrible and heroic in the contemporary world is in this book. What account can the human soul give of itself in a world where the catastrophe of war, revolution, and downfall has given the brutal, the cunning, the incompetent the upper hand? The scene of *Testament* is the Russia of the end of war and the beginning of the revolution, a Russia of defeat, incompetence, militarism, fanaticism, destructiveness, destitution. In such a catastrophic world, what chance has that sort of human integrity which holds truth and justice to be supreme?

The question is worked out in the life and death of Anton Scheffler. As an officer he faces the question whether he will or will not, on the command of his superiors, bring men unfit to be returned back to the battle line. He takes on himself the responsibility of refusing to do so, is court-martialed and sentenced to prison. Later, in the early days of the Bolshevik revolution he is released and made a hero; his name becomes a legend. Then, as an advocate, he defends a landowner who is accused of shooting the people's representative. He shows himself to be dangerous to the new collectivist state because he believes in the individual conscience. It becomes necessary to discredit him before putting him out of the way — to destroy the legend around his name. His friend and his wife are kept in prison and tortured until they sign a testament that Anton Scheffler, to their knowledge, was bribed by the Czarist government to act as an undercover man, that his moves on behalf of the wounded were only to get into the confidence of the revolutionary soldiers. He himself is handed a confession with the promise that as soon as he signs it he will be smuggled out of Russia. His wife, at last realizing what he really stands for, appeals to him not to sign; after some fumbling, he refuses, and is executed — leaving to his friend, who is the narrator of the story, a letter which is his testament.

To delineate a character like Anton Scheffler was a most difficult piece of creation. Scheffler is fumbling, hesitating, shy, humorous, with phases of wonderful tenderness, kindness, dignity; he is never the inspired man conscious of a mission but is even an ordinary man; he gropes around and finds something in himself that he must be true to.

This long novel is not only about Anton Scheffler, his relation to people, his curious relation to his wife; almost equally important is the personage who is the narrator of the story, with his relation to his wife, who becomes demented, and to his crippled son. There are, in addition, as many characters as in a Dostoevski novel.

The influence of Dostoevski is felt all through *Testament*. To be able to reproduce some of the effects of Dostoevski, even to be

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able to imitate them, is to show oneself possessed of tremendous talent. R. C. Hutchinson is not, however, an imitator. He uses the same pattern as Dostoevski but he aims at making his people less Slav, more European. His novels, in which different civilizations are revealed to their depths, are not to be confused with the international novels in the writing of which Americans excel, in which they depict their denationalized countrymen in foreign surroundings: in *Shining Scabbard*, R. C. Hutchinson is a Frenchman writing about French people; in *Testament*, a Russian writing of Russians. Nothing of this kind has been done before, and I consider the author of *Testament* the most mature and the most accomplished of the English novelists, showing himself so not only in his superior talent and his profound sense of character but also in his knowledge of literature. He knows thoroughly what effects have already been produced in the novel and, knowing this, he is able to do something completely new in English.

The Death of the Heart

Mysteriously enough, the sort of books that R. C. Hutchinson writes could be written only by a man; we cannot conceive of a woman's writing them. While being convinced that high talent has no sex, I believe that there are some things in art that only a man can do, some things that only a woman can do. Elizabeth Bowen's *The Death of the Heart* shows a talent of far less significance and range than *Testament* does, but it is at the same time a very distinguished novel and one that only a woman could have written.

The world, the flesh, and the devil mark the sections this story is divided into, but the world is the dominant theme in it. The world is where nothing is done except for an advantage, where time and memory are cut off.

The real point about the world in which the poor little heroine, Portia, moves is made by the clever, narcissistic young gentleman, named Eddie, with whom she is in love. The scene is a wood, and Portia wants Eddie to kiss her. He says:

> You agonize me by being so agonized. Oh, cry out aloud, if you must: cry, cry, don't just let those terrible meek tears roll down your face like that. What you want is the whole of me — isn't it, *isn't it?* And the whole of me isn't there for anybody. In the full sense you want me I don't exist.

And that is the definition of the world that all the prophets have cried out against; in the full sense in which one must give oneself to somebody, to something, the people there don't exist.

Well, into such a world comes the young, hotel-reared, sixteen-year-old Portia; she has had a mother and father who have been ashamed of themselves from the moment of her adulterous begetting. She wants to give the whole of herself, but no one in that world, not even the companionable servant, Matchett, will give much of himself to her — not her half brother, Thomas; not Anna, Thomas' wife; not Eddie. She feels betrayed. What we read is her tragedy and the tragedy of the clever people around her who cannot give the whole of themselves — it is the death of the heart.

Elizabeth Bowen knows the world, and she knows, too, the heart of a youngster. The sixteen-year-old Portia comes to life in these pages as does one of the strange little girls in a Henry James novel — Pansy or Maisie. Portia out for the first time with a boy; Portia in the wood appealing for a kiss; Portia hearing from St. Quintin that Anna has read her diary; Portia in the humorous and pathetic scene where she proposes that poor, elderly Major Brutt should let her live with him and marry him ("We'd cheer each other up.") are unforgettable episodes. Elizabeth Bowen is indeed a very accomplished novelist: she is modern without making much fuss about the modern method; she has a clear and telling way of writing; she is constantly saying not clever things but wise and witty things; she is psychologically convincing.

In a flash, as it were, in a year or two, there are a couple of English novelists, not yet too widely known, who have surpassed the older well-known ones; and not only that — they have surpassed, too, the American novelists. They have surpassed them not only in technique, in artistry, at which the old world can always hold its own, but in vitality and in presenting what is really the life of our times. A man like R. C. Hutchinson and, in a lesser degree, a woman like Elizabeth Bowen, are really articulating in artistic form the problems of our time. They are not the superficial problems; they are chiefly the spiritual ones, and in our times these are the most challenging that have faced humanity in generations. In the

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effort to bring them into artistic form, the writers are able to achieve an elucidation of them. Elizabeth Bowen, subtly enough, reduces the problem in her book to a statement that can be put in a title — *The Death of the Heart.*

A Pioneer Modernist

It is twenty-three years since the first volume of Dorothy Richardson's *Pilgrimage* was published. That volume was called *Pointed Roofs*, and it gave the first taste of that method of writing which was to transform the modern novel. She was the pioneer; she was before the *Ulysses* of Joyce, if a little after the first volume of Proust appeared in France. Immediately she had a small, appreciative audience which followed the life and thoughts of Miriam Henderson with the most careful interest; they realized that something new was being done in the novel.

The subject of *Pilgrimage* is of the same nature as the subject of Proust's *Remembrance of Things Past:* it is the effort to find behind the world of flowing things that timeless world that gives rest to the heart. Dorothy Richardson's is very much more the method of Proust than that of Joyce; she narrates all that is happening in the life of one person through a series of meditations and impressions. Like Proust, she interpolates essays on music, art, and all the experiences that come up in the life of the heroine. This heroine, Miriam, is a musician: like Joyce and Proust, Dorothy Richardson gives the impression of trying to rejuvenate literature through the flowing form of music. She does not try to reproduce the sounds of music, as Joyce does in his later work; she orchestrates and has a leitmotiv going through the whole of her work.

But only in a very small degree has Miss Richardson the creative force of the men innovators; she has nothing at all of their lonely intensity. Her character faces no real dilemma, has no devastating emotions, passes through no profound crises; she goes on being a spirited, happy-natured, whimsical, intelligent young woman through four fifths as many pages as tell of the radical transformations of Proust's great gallery of characters. Yet in her resolve to find the possibility of "being in communion with something always there," Miriam might be the young, innocent cousin of the hero of *Remembrance of Things Past.* And, besides the awareness of a timeless element in the flow of experience, Marcel Proust and Dorothy Richardson have another link: they have both seized on something in Walter Pater, the Walter Pater of *Imaginary Portraits* — the method of evoking the essence of a place or a personage as one might evoke the essence of a work of art.

The bulk of the readers of the twelve volumes of *Pilgrimage* (now published in four books) are likely to be women, intelligent and cultivated, with a sensitive response to life and to art; it is they who will be most interested in the development of the somewhat humdrum heroine of the earlier books to the rich and more outreaching personality of *Oberland, Dawn's Left Hand, Clear Horizon, Dimple Hill* in the recent volume. And in no history of the novel of our time can Dorothy Richardson's role be a minor one. She was the first contemporary in English to make a significant breach in the wall that is between those experiences in life which have their roots in the unconscious and the expression of them in literature.

Before the War

The type of writing represented by *Remembrance of Things Past, Ulysses,* and *Pilgrimage* had some of its origins in the great autobiographies and memoirs; the chief personage in all three can be identified with the author. Now the wheel has made its circle, and the autobiography is beginning to take from the modern novel, in which the past is evoked.

In *Life Makes Advances,* Madeleine Boyd takes the materials of her life and makes what might be called a romanced or dramatized autobiography. She boldly states that all the characters are drawn from life, though some of the names are altered. Her memory is excellent; most things she encountered in life made a deep impression on her, and she responded warmly to them. The total effect makes for far greater accuracy than is achieved in the usual autobiography. An even freer use of her method might have enabled her to do more memorable characterizations.

Madeleine Boyd is a Frenchwoman who, when she was young and impressionable, left France and went to Ireland to teach French. Later she came to America as the wife of a well-known Irishman, and so she may be said

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to have three countries. Her life in all of them has been interesting, sometimes exciting. The first quarter of *Life Makes Advances* is about her childhood in France; the scene of the rest is Ireland and America up to the first years of the war.

In Dublin, where the author arrived during the heyday of the literary revival, when the city was the dwelling place of so many famous men, Madeleine Boyd, with her love of poetry and literature, was at home in the friendly life of the city. The young writers and artists met every evening of the week at one another's houses or at the house of an older writer or a professor from one of the two universities, to talk of life and art and the forms of art.

Nothing interfered with these evenings, neither birth, marriage, nor death. Madeleine Boyd has a literal account of an evening in the house of the well-known composer, Arnold (now Sir Arnold) Bax, who was also the story-teller and poet, Dermott O'Byrne, when the present writer had to take the part of the hostess, who found suddenly that she could not appear because she was upstairs having a baby. The announcement that the baby was born stopped — but only for a second — a discussion as to whether the right test to apply to literature was that it should represent a desirable life.

The serious intellectual life of the city, the glamorous exhibitions of paintings, the romantic Abbey Theatre, the divine Sarah coming over from Paris and playing Phèdre, the large, old-fashioned houses with their youthful parties — it cannot be that it is entirely distance which lends the enchantment to these things as they are recalled in *Life Makes Advances!* It all stopped, as so many other glamorous things stopped in Europe, not really with the war but in the year before the war. Perhaps some seer will soon show us that the war started because an interesting and happy life all over Europe had come to a close.

Man Is Forever Lonely

Man is forever lonely; there can be
No time or circumstance in all his days
To lead him out of loneliness; his ways
Are those of clouds and tides. Not even he
Who seeks the crowded solace of the street
Can find a single comrade there, nor yet
In secret bonds of love can men forget
Their heart's own solitude. Though lips may meet,
And hand touch hand in intimate embrace,
A stranger still abides within the mind
No word can reach, no vision ever find.
A lonely God, enthroned in lonely space,
Fashioned us out of silence as we are, —
As single as a tree, as separate as a star.

Anderson M. Scruggs

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The Forum Quiz

This quiz is designed especially for FORUM readers — to please them but not to measure their intelligence. The questions should not be difficult for the average person. A good score, counting 2½ points for each one right, is 65 (answers on page XII of advertising section).

1. *One of the dubious practices of newspapers when sued, rightly or preposterously, for libel is to:*
   (*a*) *omit mention of the fact in news columns*
   (*b*) *have other papers condemn the suit editorially*
   (*c*) *settle out of court, fearing widespread publicity*

2. *At this time of year the veteran newspaper reader has to steel himself against:*
   (*a*) *pictures of dumb pro ball players in the South*
   (*b*) *annual all-America football selections*
   (*c*) *prosperity predictions for the coming year*
   (*d*) *the annual ground-hog-shadow story*

3. *From what most commentators say, Hitler's next move will be to:*
   (*a*) *marry the attractive Jenny Jugo*
   (*b*) *drive into Rumania and the Ukraine*
   (*c*) *absorb Denmark* (*d*) *take over the Dutch colonies*

4. *Let's forget about Adolf and go skiing. When you do the Gelandesprung, you:*
   (*a*) *jump over a rock or stump*
   (*b*) *turn a somersault in mid-air*
   (*c*) *"skate" with your skis on the level*

5. *Perhaps you recall the title of this old English ballad you once read in sophomore English class:*

   The King sits in Dunfermline town
   Drinking the blude-red wine;
   "O whare will I get a skeely skipper
   To sail this new ship of mine?"

   (*a*) *"I Saw Three Ships"* (*b*) *"Lord Randal"*
   (*c*) *"The Twa Corbies"* (*d*) *"Sir Patrick Spens"*

6. *Besides the legend of his historic ride, Paul Revere has also left posterity a splendid aesthetic heritage in his famous:*
   (*a*) *silverware* (*b*) *drawings of American birds*
   (*c*) *hand-made furniture* (*d*) *blown glass*

7. *Another effort to strengthen the ties between Great Britain and her empire will be found in:*
   (*a*) *New Zealand's return to colony status*
   (*b*) *the Duke of Kent's becoming Australia's Governor General*
   (*c*) *doubling of the number of Rhodes scholarships*

8. *All right — suppose you do live in a city apartment. You ought to know that the largest farm organization in the United States is the:*
   (*a*) *I.O.F.* (*b*) *I.O.U.*
   (*c*) *Grange* (*d*) *Farmers Alliance*

9. *If you were to view a drawing of an austere and icy landscape, with an equally austere and icy-looking Eskimo standing in front of his igloo, you'd guess it was by:*
   (*a*) *Doris Lee* (*b*) *Peggy Bacon*
   (*c*) *Karl Hofer* (*d*) *Rockwell Kent*

10. *A painter with a much more homely approach and one who was once a miner, steelworker, and house painter living in the slums of Pittsburgh was:*
    (*a*) *John Kane* (*b*) *William Glackens*
    (*c*) *Thomas Eakins*

11. *And perhaps you remember that the author of the current best seller, "All This, and Heaven Too," is:*
    (*a*) *W. C. Fields* (*b*) *Rachel Field*
    (*c*) *Marshall Field IV* (*d*) *Cornelia Otis Skinner*

12. *If you were asked to name an immortal painter who was also distinguished as an inventor, engineer, and scientist, you'd no doubt think of:*
    (*a*) *Tintoretto* (*b*) *Leonardo da Vinci* (*c*) *Raphael*

13. *And of course the author of the new book, "Alone," is:*
    (*a*) *Greta Garbo* (*b*) *Richard E. Byrd*
    (*c*) *Charlie Chaplin* (*d*) *Frank Sullivan*

14. *Have you, possibly, forgotten what great poem the following stanza is from:*

    . . . Ah, bitter chill it was!
    The owl, for all his feathers, was a-cold;
    The hare limp'd trembling through the frozen grass,
    And silent was the flock in wooly fold;
    Numb were the Beadsman's fingers, while he told
    His rosary, and while his frosted breath,
    Like pious incense from a censer old,
    Seemd'd taking flight for heaven, without a death,
    Past the sweet Virgin's picture, while his prayer he saith.

    (*a*) *"Christabel," by Coleridge*
    (*b*) *"We Are Seven," by Wordsworth*
    (*c*) *"Eve of St. Agnes," by Keats*

15. *And the poet who composed these first six lines of an immortal sonnet is none other than:*

    That time of year thou mayst in me behold
    When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
    Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
    Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.
    In me thou see'st the twilight of such day
    As after sunset faded in the west. . . .

    (*a*) *Shakespeare* (*b*) *William Blake* (*c*) *John Donne*

16. *Perhaps more than anything else, the thing which is helping reduce highway fatalities these days is:*
    (*a*) *the drinking of beer in place of whisky*
    (*b*) *construction of divided-lane highways*
    (*c*) *the carrying of light reflectors by pedestrians*

17. *Can you select the last line of this stanza by Oliver Goldsmith:*

    When lovely woman stoops to folly,
    And finds too late that men betray,
    What charm can soothe her melancholy,

    (*a*) *What will the neighbors say?*
    (*b*) *How can she make him pay?*
    (*c*) *What art can wash her guilt away?*

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18. *It is understood that Nazi propaganda in the United States is centering on:*
   (a) *racial problems and discrediting the Jews*
   (b) *getting us to permit South America to go Nazi*

19. *Since he left the White House, one of Herbert Hoover's chief pleasures has been in:*
   (a) *increasing his World War–document collection*
   (b) *developing new methods of mining diamonds*
   (c) *telling Mr. Roosevelt how to fight the recession*

20. *Very smart and/or lit'ry people will know that the word "caesura" means:*
   (a) *Caesar's wife* (b) *a pause in a line of verse*
   (c) *a wine measure* (d) *a break in a line of troops*

21. *The single-tax movement begun by Henry George still continues. Its adherents believe in:*
   (a) *taxing improvements, regardless of land value*
   (b) *levying on land only, regardless of improvement*

22. *When a person is said to be "in limbo," he is:*
   (a) *in an intermediate state, neither heaven nor hell*
   (b) *"in the doghouse" with his wife*
   (c) *living in the style of a Croesus*

23. *And of course "rodomontade" means:*
   (a) *galaxy* (b) *boasting* (c) *smörgåsbord* (d) *wit*

24. *If you wanted to describe a man whose philosophy was realistic, actions cunning, thoughts centered on the struggle of princes for power, you would say he was:*
   (a) *Chesterfieldian* (b) *Machiavellian* (c) *Dantesque*

25. *"When I wrote the following pages or rather the book of them I lived alone in the woods a mile from my neighbor in a house which I had built myself on the shore of____ pond. . . ." The foregoing are the first lines of:*
   (a) *Franklin's "Autobiography"*
   (b) *Thoreau's "Walden"*
   (c) *Melville's "Moby Dick"*

26. *If you were to tell your wife that she reminded you of the Houyhnhnms, she should say:*
   (a) *"Do I seem light enough to fly?"*
   (b) *"I didn't know you read Swift."*
   (c) *"Is my slip showing?"*

27. *You are an American woman in England. When your host inquires, "Care for a bubble and squeak?" you will very properly reply:*
   (a) *"Take no liberties with me, sir!"*
   (b) *"Thanks — just a dash of soda."*
   (c) *"Yes — it's my favorite dish."*

28. *The British Order of the Garter, significantly enough, has the motto,* Honi soit qui mal y pense, *which means:*
   (a) *See no evil, hear no evil, speak no evil*
   (b) *Evil to him who evil thinks*
   (c) *Better up than down*
   (d) *If you feel seasick, go to the rail*

29. *The American Ambassador to Germany is:*
   (a) *William Bullitt* (b) *Hugh Gibson* (c) *Hugh Wilson*

30. *One of these groups of venerables is much older than any of the others:*
   (a) *mother-in-law jokes* (b) *the pyramids*
   (c) *California Sequoias* (d) *Asiatic elephants*

31. *Maybe you've never indulged in the ancient sport of curling but you ought to know that it's played by:*
   (a) *Irishmen, with clubs like hockey sticks*
   (b) *Scotsmen, rolling "stones" on smooth ice*
   (c) *Englishmen, on horseback in the tropics*
   (d) *Welsh fishwives, armed with dead kippers*

32. *Which one of these words is spelled incorrectly:*
   (a) *wierd* (b) *beneficent* (c) *rat* (d) *cat*

33. *Asked what a lentil is by your six-year-old son, named Claude, Clarence, or Junior, you can tell him:*
   (a) *"A lentil, Claude, is a legume."*
   (b) *"The top piece over a door or window, Clarence."*
   (c) *"A fast period between Ash Wednesday and Easter, Junior."*

34. *And when Claude, Clarence, or Junior, as the case may be, then inquires, "What is Ash Wednesday, Pop?" you will control yourself and say sweetly:*
   (a) *"The first day of Lent, Claude. Religious people may have ashes placed ceremonially on their heads as a sign of repentance and to remind them that man is dust."*
   (b) *"It's the twelfth night after Christmas, Clarence, when ashes used in church ceremonies are scattered to the four winds."*

35. *Pick from these names that of the family whose several members have given the most distinguished current services to education and science:*
   (a) *Cabot* (b) *Wilbur* (c) *Compton* (d) *Hutchins*

36. *Soaps and cold creams as well as candies, cough drops, and soda pop all advertise that they're packed with vitamins from A to Z, but experts say:*
   (a) *completely untrue*
   (b) *better rely on fresh vegetables, milk, etc.*
   (c) *vitamins are not absolutely necessary to health*

37. *There is much discussion these days of euthanasia. It means:*
   (a) *localized anesthesia* (b) *complete loss of memory*
   (c) *a book title-page ornament* (d) *merciful killing*

38. *The largest industry in the United States, in terms of the dollar value of products turned out, is:*
   (a) *amusement* (b) *iron and steel* (c) *foods*
   (d) *building* (e) *lecturing to women's clubs*

39. *The number of people killed by automobiles in this country in* 1938 *was approximately:*
   (a) 22,000 (b) 32,000 (c) 42,000

40. *And these first lines of a famous book — "As I walked through the wilderness of this world I lighted on a certain place where was a den, and I laid me down in that place to sleep; and as I slept, I dreamed a Dream." — should enable you to tell which one of these it is:*
   (a) *"Pilgrim's Progress," by Bunyan*
   (b) *"Walden," by Thoreau*
   (c) *"Areopagitica," by Milton*

Wanted: Armchair Editors for the Forum Quiz Contest
For details, see page VI of advertising section

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The Press Can Do No Wrong

by **H. L. SMITH**

You must have guessed already that the above title is misleading. It was written to "arouse interest." You have excused the same trick so many times in your newspaper, however, that perhaps you can forgive once more. The fact is, that the newspapers *can* do wrong. Even the publishers admit that. The trouble is that the publishers won't let anyone else admit it — which is one reason why the public hates the press as it does.

Saying that the public hates the press is one sure way of making a publisher leap high into the air, but let's forget about editors and publishers for a change and consult some of the other midwives of public opinion. Early in 1936, *Fortune* conducted a survey to determine the general attitude regarding banks and bankers. Purpose was to find out whether resentment aroused during the financial crisis had cooled off. Rather than put too many ideas in readers' minds, the question was written this way: "Do you believe that any of the following abuse their power — bankers, press, radio, pulpit, veterans?"

Results were something of a surprise. Though the man in the street was still furious over the way he had been fleeced by the banks, the press turned out to be the blackest sheep of all the above agencies. In fact 41.8 per cent of those replying put the press first on their go-to-hell lists. Bankers led on only 38.3 per cent of the lists — and this at a time when Wall Streeters were still going home by way of back alleys. Other figures were: pulpit, 26; veterans 23.4; and radio, 21.8.

Last summer *Fortune* asked this question again. Not only did the press still head the list; it collected 2 per cent more votes for this distinction than in 1936.

It is the custom of the journalistic fraternity to scoff at such unfavorable questionnaires. Unless such studies are of an overwhelming advantage to the press, they are usually dubbed "highly inconclusive." The *Fortune* poll is based on an accurate system of mass sampling, however, and anyone who reads the magazine knows that "inconclusive" is not tolerated in its lexicon. In the last presidential election the

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poll won considerable respect for its low percentage of error — which is much more than the newspapers can say.

What causes this antipathy to the press?

Some will say the "kept" press, although even as smart a man as Ferdinand Lundberg has had a difficult time in making the charge sound convincing. "Dominance of the advertiser," say others. Superficiality, commercialization, and lack of responsible leadership are some of the other charges hurled at the press. It is easy to find glaring examples to give some support to all of the charges, but it takes more than a few scattered examples to fasten guilt on the whole institution, just as it would take more than a few jailed bankers to make us call the institution of banking "criminal." Nor does any of the above charges seem sufficient to arouse mass hatred. Boil down the incoherencies of the haters, however, and you'll find that "smug" comes pretty close to summing up the general attitude. The public hates the press because it thinks, rightly or wrongly, that the publisher cloaks a great deal of dirty work behind silken words.

Leo C. Rosten published a book about the Washington correspondents in which, very incidentally, the *Chicago Tribune* was put down as having a very low rating among capital journalists. On January 25, 1938, the *Tribune* printed a full page of promotion advertising with pictures of its Washington correspondents. Said the ad:

> They are unintimidated by smear campaigns to discredit them. They are unaffected by polls undertaken with preconceived prejudices among CIO reporters in Washington. In spite of fake statistics put out by reds and pinks, these men give you the real Washington news. And, undominated by outside interests, the TRIBUNE prints it.

Now the *Tribune* may not have been thinking of Rosten when it published that ad, although such a thing seems unlikely. Certain it is that the paper was defending itself against men like Rosten. Writing in the June issue of *Journalism Quarterly*, Rosten told of his methods in sampling the attitudes of the Washington correspondents. It did not appear that his poll was "undertaken with preconceived prejudices among CIO reporters." As to the "fake statistics," which would you prefer to believe: the word of a Fellow in the Social Science Research Council, who had nothing to gain by his assertions, or the World's Greatest Newspaper (according to the *Tribune*), which is notorious for the way in which it twists the news?

The Journalistic Oracles

It is of course unfair to blame all newspapers for the statements of the *Tribune*. For the basis of a general indictment, let us turn to the trade journals of the fourth estate. The bible of all high-church newspapermen is *Editor and Publisher*. This valuable weekly has long been considered the mouthpiece of the profession. Its influence and the respect for it among publishers are legend. *American Press* and *Newsdom* are two other trade publications of considerable influence — the former being a monthly with a special appeal to the smaller publisher, the latter a weekly newspaper for the more editorially minded. A fourth journal is *Publishers' Auxiliary*, appearing once a week and designed for the weekly publisher. The circulations of all the trade journals testify to the fact that they are widely read by those newspapermen who form the policies of our press. It is therefore logical to suppose that the opinions printed therein are a pretty accurate cross section of the news executives' thought. And you don't have to look far in any of them to find "smugness" written in letters ten feet high.

Does a layman dare protest that "freedom of the press" sometimes more nearly approximates "license by the press"? He is unjustified and misinformed.

Did someone say that there might be foundation for the platform of the Newspaper Guild? He is unjustified and misinformed.

Has a professor told his classes that the press does not live up to its potentialities for performing public service? He not only is unjustified and misinformed but he is a danger to the young and maybe even a RED.

On the other hand, if Grove Patterson, Jimmy Stahlman, Bertie McCormick, or any other of the press canons makes similar charges, he is greeted, if not with hallelujahs, at least with scattered amens.

Why this excitement when the public criticizes, and why this apathy when the press prelates prate? Because the outsider, that infidel, is a threat to journalistic peace of mind, whereas the criticisms of the insiders are taken for what they are worth. You can compare the situation to that of a family which picks on the

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old man for coming home drunk every night but which stands off the whole neighborhood when the neighborhood makes mild objection to the nuisance.

In the November, 1937, issue of THE FORUM, I had an article entitled "The News Camera On Trial," in which I brought out the need for some protection of private right against the indiscriminate use of the candid camera. I suggested it would be much safer for the public and the press if the fourth estate would itself formulate reasonable and respected regulations to curb excesses. Such a thing would be no more difficult than the maintenance of, say, the Associated Press standards and rules. Knowing that publishers cannot bring themselves to pass effective regulations, however, I suggested laws no more stringent than the present libel statutes. In fact, what I suggested was merely the application of present libel statutes to the picture, as to the written word.

There were curious reactions to that article. In no instance did a layman object to the terms. On the contrary, I had many letters seconding the suggestion. But the fourth estate ran true to form. That Vatican of the press, the editorial page of *Editor and Publisher*, issued one of its bulls, denying that any such problem existed. This in spite of the fact that, the previous March, the same page had called for regulations. It was left to a journalism teacher in a small Ohio school to put down the attitude of the publisher in frank sentences. Journalism teachers have to do considerable back scratching of publishers to get their graduates placed, and it is not uncommon to find their ideas even more congealed than those of the publishers. A letter from this particular disciple read in part as follows:

> I was sorry to see the article you prepared about candid cameramen in FORUM. If it had run in EDITOR & PUBLISHER I would applauded [sic], for you would have started a discussion of a problem among those who should discuss it first. It is quite proper to discuss questions you brought up among editors, but I doubt the wisdom of advocating to the general public that more laws should be passed to regulate the press.

Now my article may have been all wrong and quite possibly was open to adverse criticism. But that's not the point of the letter.

Critics of the press are to bring problems to a journal that refuses to see any seriousness in a charge that the journal once made!!!

And since when is it dangerous to acquaint the public with any of journalism's weak spots?

I made a mistake and should recant, of course. I had thought newspapers were written for the people, not the publishers. Any cub reporter should have known better than that. In fact I might as well admit for the publishers here and now that in writing this article I am unjustified and misinformed. I am, in short, just a typical newspaper reader.

THE CASE OF THE GUILD

I BRING the personal element in here merely because I think it illustrates a point. Now let us take a little broader view. Consider the tactics of the publisher in the Newspaper Guild issue, for example.

The Guild has had its ups and downs. It has made the mistakes that all new organizations must make. It may, in the end, die out. But one thing is certain — the Guild (or something very like it) was inevitable.

The Guild, curiously enough, was born of the publishers, and, though it may be called every kind of illegitimate offspring, it is the publisher's baby. With the proper precautions, conception would never have occurred.

A few years ago I was working on a west-coast paper. Of the reporters working on the regular beats, not one was making more than thirty dollars a week. There were college graduates with many years of experience who were working for twenty dollars a week. The good men as a rule got out as fast as they could, but there were many good men left, bound to the city by home or sentimental ties. On the whole, they were loyal to the paper and to the lovable "chief."

Downstairs were the printers. Many had never completed grade school. They worked as often for the opposition as for the paper to which I am referring. They had definite hours. And they averaged sixty dollars a week. When it came to a cut in wages or salaries, who do you suppose was cut — the loyal reporter or the pressman with his union? One guess is enough.

It's about as simple as that. I worked on a paper in a large Midwest city, and there the story was a little different. Reporters did not get handsome salaries, but they got a living wage and enough more to show that their loyalty was not ignored. The Guild has never been

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able to organize that staff. It's as simple as that.

The west-coast paper is the more typical. The reporter had to organize if only to protect himself against other unions. Loyalty seldom has a high market value amongst journalists. Neither has tenure or ability. Look what Preston Goodfellow did to the faithful group that risked its shins to put out his paper during the recent *Brooklyn Eagle* strike. Even the trade papers that had been backing Mr. Goodfellow couldn't stomach that.

Until the Guild actually appeared, the trade journals kept up a running campaign for better wages. Oh, how the publisher prayed that the poor reporter might fare better! Nothing happened, of course, because no publisher was willing to pay more than his competitor, and in the meantime you could get high-school kids and romantic university graduates for a dollar a bushel. And, when the only means — the Guild — was taken for arriving at the goal the publishers themselves had set, there arose weeping and sore lamentation in publishing houses throughout the country. You don't see much of this in the newspapers, for, as John Gilland Brunini says in *The Commonweal*, "it is noteworthy that the press in unity of action does suppress news which it fears."

But, if the Guild is ignored in the newspapers, it is very much in evidence in the trade journals. Long before the closed-shop issue became the battle cry, long before the Guild joined the C.I.O., in fact from the very formation of the Guild, *Newsdom* had fought it — and was boastful that it was first to tread upon the serpent. It has fought verbally in terms as hysterical as any the Guild could churn out. Consider this squib on the *Eagle* strike:

> The infantile prancing of painted gorillas and the whining chant of a few class-conscious fanatics undoubtedly caused many people to consider whether they were not gravely in error in permitting such grotesque characters to write and interpret their news.

That is the voice of *Newsdom*. This journal and most of the others are terribly concerned about Guild reporters' being able to write the "right" sort of news because of union affiliations. Apparently it does not bother publishers that they themselves have an organization; that they are more "closed" than the Guild ever will be; and that they represent a much more unified society. Somehow Mr. Arthur Robb, the high priest in the inner sanctum at the back of *Editor and Publisher*, does not sound convincing when he says, "The fact that a man is a high newspaper executive ought to be a warrant for believing that he can view labor activities in the light of reason."

Latest wrinkle in employee-publisher relations is the American Press Society. It is designed on the lines of the successful British organizations, and it is the hope of many that it will become a sort of American Medical or American Bar association (God forbid). But an institute of journalists in small, centralized Great Britain is a far cry from one in complex, far-flung America. And sympathizers of the new society seem to forget one thing when they try to compare their organization to the medical and bar associations. The doctors and lawyers are a much more stable group than reporters, and *they have no other unions with which to compete*.

The American Press Society does not pretend to be in favor of the closed shop, political influence, or even better pay. In short, though it may fulfill a need, it does not answer the demands of the working journalist. It is therefore quite futile. For this reason it is in high favor with the publishers.

DICTATORSHIP!

THERE IS one thing that the press hates more than the Guild, and that is Franklin D. Roosevelt. Since the days of the NRA, all but a few of our great dailies have reserved their heaviest artillery for his annihilation. A strong opposition should be commended. An intelligent campaign to oust the President might even be a good thing. But rabble rousing, the attempt to inculcate blind hate by misrepresentation of facts, can only be condemned as despicable and pernicious.

Remember your excitement about the reorganization bill, Mr. Publisher? You called it a "dictator bill," using "dictator" as loosely as you once used "bolsheviki" — and with the same telling effect. There may have been flaws in the bill, but be honest, Mr. Publisher — you fought it because you desired to embarrass the Administration; isn't that so? All your fine phrases could not hide that. You can't deny that your arguments did not ring true. Why? Because all the time that you were yam-

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mering "Dictator!" during the reorganization-bill debates you were ignoring a real dictator bill. The May bill, to be invoked in time of war, would give absolute power to the president. "A blueprint of dictatorship," said the *New York Times*, adding that the law would represent "a surrender of democratic rights to the military autocracy." Yet you were strangely quiet, Mr. Publisher.

From some unknown source, Mr. Frank E. Gannett, the New York State publisher, has collected large sums of money with which to fight such measures. About six hundred of his contributors are said to have placed between one hundred and one thousand dollars each in his hat. Who are these people, and why do they spend such sums? Mr. Gannett won't tell you. His treasurer, Mr. Sumner Gerard, could not even be drawn out by an investigating committee. This is the man who has been flooding the editorial offices of the country with propaganda. He yells "Dictator!" but refuses to tell what he means by that. He declined to elucidate his charges before a Congressional committee.

Yet most of the publishers are perfectly willing to accept the charge that the reorganization bill smacked of dictatorship. It looks very much as though they took up the cry because they wanted to believe the charge, not because of an honest conviction. The cry of exultation that went up after the defeat of the bill was an indication of this.

Typical was the cry of Mr. Bond Bliss, one of the publishers' columnar supports. Mr. Bliss always sounds as though his column were written during an Indian war dance, but he had never thumped his drums louder than on the day the reorganization bill was defeated:

> AWAKENING. Of the Public. That was needed. It is developing. Good! To think and to act means freedom and security for an aroused people. . . . That stirring of the public has come mainly through the press. Through the clarion calls of publishers, editors, writers. Hammering away. The Fourth Estate remained awake. Saved America.

America saved from what? From accurate information. It would seem that way.

Again let it be said that there should be no objection to the press's harrying the Administration as long as it is honest about it. But the raising of shibboleths, blind hates, and empty phrases to defeat legislation should not be the work of the press. Such defeat should come from intelligent criticism.

When Is a Subsidy?

Another sore spot is the mail subsidy. It costs the Post Office Department about thirty-eight million dollars annually to send newspapers through the mails. For this service, the department receives only about nine million from the publications. The difference amounts to a virtual subsidy. Newspapers within the county may be sent free, where no carrier service is provided. The theory seems to be that newspapers contribute an intellectual food to a hungry democracy. The grocer also fulfills a need, but he can't deliver food free. Why should the publisher be favored over the other businessman?

Now and then a voice cries out in the wilderness, as did the *New York Daily News* recently. And William T. Evjue, in his provocative little *Madison* (Wis.) *Capital Times*, has this to say on the matter:

> Will the publishers and magazines in this country, among them many that have denounced the New Deal for not having brought federal expenses into balance with federal income, do their part and pay the government at least the cost of the mail service they receive?
>
> Until they do, they and their so-called ethics are squarely in that uncomfortable location popularly referred to as "behind the eight ball."

The answers of the publishers have been unnecessarily hypocritical, because there are really good, sound arguments for the subsidy. An honest publisher might reply as follows:

1. I admit there is a government subsidy of about twenty-nine million dollars.

2. Abolishing it would make it just a little more difficult for the small-town publisher to buck his big city competitor — and we need all the independent publishers we can keep.

3. Newspapers help to knit a community. They are necessary to our democracy.

4. The post office is for the benefit of the people and, if newspapers further that purpose, the money is well spent.

5. If I let the government pay this cost, however, I can scarcely protest against government spending of a similar amount on other projects of a beneficial nature.

But how do the publishers answer the charge?

According to *Newsdom* of January 15, 1938,

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there is no subsidy. In fact the publishers are doing the government a favor by sending newspapers by mail. For according to a letter issued from the office of Clark Howell, Vice Chairman of the American Newspaper Publisher's Association, as quoted in the journal,

> if every newspaper was removed from the mails there would be no appreciable saving to the government because the postal establishment would have to be maintained for the public's benefit whether it handled newspapers or not.

By such reasoning, Mr. Howell should be able to attend all the meetings of the A.N.P.A. free, for, as long as the trains and air lines have to operate anyway, he is only doing them a favor by booking passage.

Other defenses are even sillier. The Howell letter quotes columns of figures to show that it actually costs more to send by mail than by private express, viz.; "For straight transportation, competing agencies charges ranged thirty cents to $1 per hundred pounds, as against a postal charge averaging $1.75 per hundred."

Is the public really stupid enough to believe that newspapers will be sent by the more expensive route? The publishers seem to think so. Certainly it is cheaper to send a bundle of papers from New York or Chicago to Podunk Center by express, but who is going to deliver the papers on their arrival? That is where the postman comes in. Therefore, all the talk about cheaper service is the bunk, because the cheaper service does not take all things into consideration.

And so it goes. Every time there is the slightest possibility of losing privilege or profit, up goes the squawk from the publishers. Usually this selfishness is coated in honeyed words. The newspapers thought the NRA fine for other businessmen, but, when it began to hit their own pocketbooks, it was immediately "un-American." The same for the child-labor amendment. Because publishers didn't like the age limitations, they were content to see the whole movement languish. It was a great thing to editorialize about the awful ogres who worked children in factories, but the enthusiasm cooled when it was found that newsboys also were affected. As usual, the publisher blasted every outsider who disagreed. The *Survey Graphic* had the courage to call the press to task, and of course this little publication had to run the gauntlet. Can you wonder that the public distrusts the press?

Says one writer:

> No institution, on the one hand jealously safeguarding its prerogatives, has on the other so flagrantly invited restriction of some of its more extreme practices. Continuance of these constitute a danger which is more real than many publishers are apt to realize.

Publishers call for censorship of radio and continue to print filth that is fully as harmful. They moralize about sex degenerates and then print pictures that are anything but soothing to other perverts.

The stock defense is, as Mr. Jack Price is quoted in *Newsweek* as saying in reference to the irresponsible cameramen:

> Additional laws are not necessary to discipline newspaper camera men. If one or two incidents have been cited to justify such legislation, it must be remembered that there are thousands of deeds performed by these camera men for the benefit of public service.

That argument is getting a bit moldy. We have been told for years that the whole profession need not be penalized for the errors of a few bad actors. Few of us are murderers or drunken drivers, either, but that doesn't prevent the legislatures from providing for such persons, does it?

And even some of the big publishers disagree with Mr. Price (who, by the way, is a columnist for *Editor and Publisher*). Says James G. Stahlman, President of the A.N.P.A.:

> The public is fed up on weakkneed, namby-pamby editorial policies. The dear people have an umbilicus full of sloppy editing, canned stuff and pornographic filth. They are tired of the invasion of personal privacy and public decency [Mr. Price and *Editor and Publisher* to the contrary]; they are tired of that section of the press which has surrendered the ideals of an honorable profession for the tinkle of the cash register and the flesh pots of Egypt.

Grove Patterson, of the *Toledo Blade*, goes even further in analyzing the situation:

> Reluctantly I face what I believe to be the fact; that if some sort of censorship or restriction were imposed upon American newspapers, definitely limiting their right to print the mill run of life's occurrences and definitely limiting their right to express free opinions thereupon, such restrictions would be greeted by the approval of a dangerously large proportion of Americans. How many of them would say behind our backs, "These editors finally got what was coming to them."

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What would the trade journals have said if some professor had made the remark?

It is this policy of kidding the public that is undermining the world's greatest press. If the press in general could be as frank and unvarnished as Mr. Patterson and Mr. Stahlman, the public might welcome the press to its bosom. The American public has a sneaking affection even for bad men, if they are bold and frank enough. But it has never liked a pussyfooter.

The Publishers Undismayed

When the newspapers were handed such a terrific wallop in the last presidential election, many persons pointed with great glee to the discomfiture of the newspapers. Typical of this attitude was the following in the *Christian Century* of November 18, 1936:

> Gentlemen [speaking to publishers in general]: Do you realize what happened to you on election day? Do you comprehend that when Mr. Landon went down to defeat, you went down with him? . . . Your editorial writers, your syndicated columnists are doing their best to minimize the importance of his [Roosevelt's] triumph and to magnify the importance of the minority vote.

Probably only a few newspaper readers took the issue as seriously as did the writer of the above, but there is no doubt that the public did resent such reportorial tactics as the social-security "dog tag" stories, as many a letter to the editor indicates. It took more than the aphorisms of the Walter Lippmanns and the Arthur Robbs to reassure the people as to the power of the press. Even the editors began to be a little alarmed. Their arguments and rationalizations as to the reasons for their defeat did not sound convincing even to the reporters working under them. Fortunately for them, the Supreme Court issue came along at the crucial moment to restore self-esteem.

The fact is that the man in the street realizes as never before that liberal thought in this country is practically without a newspaper spokesman. Irving Brant, Editor of the *St. Louis Star Times*, and Mark Ethridge, General Manager of the *Louisville Courier Journal*, are two newspapermen who seem to agree on this. Says Mr. Ethridge:

> Newspapers never so badly failed to give guidance and leadership to social and economical changes and were never so unfaithful to their trust to present unbiased news, with editorials free from selfish interest, as they were in the campaign.

Publishers managed to smooth their ruffled tail feathers soon after the election fiasco, and after the Supreme Court "victory" they were ready again to handle those nasty outsiders who had dared question the sanctity of the press.

Alfred H. Kirchhofer, Managing Editor of the *Buffalo News*, had this to say of critics who "sought to undermine" confidence in the press following the election:

> But it is not with these political maneuvers that we are concerned at the moment. The effort is rather to direct attention to the multitude of reformers, uplifters, and headline hunters who have discovered that the one sure way to rate a display head is to attack the press. Yes sir, one way to prove your courage is to berate journalism. . . . If the unjustified and misleading [ho hum] criticism of American newspapers now flooding the country and making the headlines isn't refuted, it won't be long before we again are face to face with political and legislative attempts, of one kind or another, to reform and regulate the press.

The same old outcry. Outside critics have only sinister or vainglorious motives. They must be beaten back, submerged, annihilated. They undermine confidence.

Many of the attacks by outsiders are based on ignorance, but they don't just spring out of thin air. It couldn't just possibly be that the press itself is doing a little undermining of confidence, could it? Perhaps if publishers would put their ears to the ground for a change, they'd hear some of their own colleagues digging under the pillars of democracy.

Attacks on the press are not new. A hundred years ago the *Philadelphia Public Ledger* was saying:

> Our opinion, and an opinion founded on extensive acquaintance with it in every one of the states, is that with some few exceptions, the character of the American press is VERY CONTEMPTIBLE.

The press thwarted the people in the 1896 campaign and got away with it. It was not so easy in 1936. The radio is becoming more and more of a curb. The movie and the news magazine are other checks on arrogance. Today the press cannot afford to thumb its nose at the public. If the press is to continue to be a leading actor in the world's drama, instead of becoming merely an offstage noise, it is going to have to give a better performance.

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Unsocial Service

by **MARY BISHOP**

I WAS A SOCIAL worker. I am one no longer for I am convinced that a large part of the work done by the kind of small agency which I served as executive is not only sheer waste of time and money but actually an obstruction in the path of human progress.

Many of these organizations are riding today along the road to oblivion on a set of behavior patterns acquired twenty-five years ago. I speak from firsthand experience with a number of these agencies which are doing nothing really new and are administered by a group of persons whose only excuse for holding their jobs is that they have held them for a number of years and that they call themselves professional social workers.

Much of the social-welfare activity which was accepted as proper procedure fifteen years ago is now obsolete. Social changes in the last decade have been so sweeping that many welfare workers fear the loss of their jobs. But one feels that their vocational outlook would be brighter if instead of asking, "How can I hold my job?" each would inquire, "Does society need the work I am doing?"

In the jargon of the sociologists, organized welfare activities fall into several categories. Two of the major groups are the family-welfare and the recreational services.

The family-welfare agency is designed to assist the individual family which is in difficulties. Necessary as it is, such work is now being undertaken more and more by government agencies on a scale too large for private charities to attempt.

In the recreational field, the settlements have been pioneers. The movement was started more than fifty years ago in London by a group of educated young men of good family who, moved by a spirit of *noblesse oblige*, settled in the slums to help the less fortunate to attain better standards of living. They came to know the needs of their neighbors and ventured into many fields to improve conditions among the poor.

Because of differences in local problems, settlement programs show wide variations in both objectives and methods. One works mainly for the improvement of labor conditions, another for better health among school children, and a third for social security. Much of their work, however, is in the field of recreation, because the social and economic status of their neighbors called so obviously for such help.

Initiated by persons of enlightened virtue, the private voluntary agencies flourished during a period of industrial expansion, when little attempt was made by governments to ameliorate unsatisfactory conditions among the workers.

Many of these private agencies boasted of their own special "angels." An angel in social-service parlance is a wealthy man or woman who "adopts" a welfare organization, becoming its largest supporter and, in turn, dictating its policies and methods. Persons who fear that public agencies may fall into the grasp of politicians might well reflect on the blight cast over a private charity by a benevolent dictator of this type.

Increased taxation, smaller profits, coupled with higher income and inheritance taxes, have relieved many of the angels of their large surpluses during the past ten years. They have paused to reflect on the extent of their contributions to pet benevolences in the interest of their clamoring heirs apparent.

During the ante-depression period, however, many of the social agencies had developed a smug complacency, because it was not really difficult to get money if you knew the ropes. All that was necessary was to flatter the angel, paint a glowing picture of mythical accomplishments, and suggest that funds were required to carry on the good work.

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II

I WAS RECENTLY OFFERED a job as head-worker for one of these top-heavy institutions. The directors wanted to raise eighty-thousand dollars to continue their work for unfortunate children.

"How many are under your care?" I asked the chairman of the board.

"About eighty," she replied. "Forty are in boarding homes which we visit, and the remainder are directly in our care at the institution."

Ostensibly, these children were to be placed in good homes for adoption as rapidly as possible. Actually, however, requirements were made so stringent that few could qualify.

I would be expected to "sell" this agency to the public. I might gild the lily but how could I overcome the damning evidence of wasteful management which required more than a thousand dollars for the care of each of its wards, half of whose number were not under full-time vigilance?

I declined the job.

The boards of such small agencies are too frequently made up of one or two persons whom the community recognizes as of first-class social standing and a dozen or so of the *nouveaux riches* who wish to "make" society.

Indeed, one does not even have to be very rich to play this game. The only prerequisite is sufficient freedom from housework to be able to run benefits and beg money from friends and neighbors. Such activities, often accompanied by many words and few facts, may be larded with trite expressions of sentimentality.

Part of the ritual of being a member of the board of one of these less conspicuous agencies is known as "putting on a benefit." This is, in brief, an attempt to ensnare funds by using entertainment as bait. With the hope of keeping expenses down, the committee is apt to put on a program of poor quality; but isn't it all in the name of "sweet charity"?

Of course, the victims who buy tickets do not know that from 50 to 85 per cent of the proceeds are expended in staging such benefits. Nor have I ever known anyone with the temerity to figure in the cash value of the time of paid workers who putter about assisting with these affairs. If this were done, it would be almost impossible to show any profit at all. Well-established organizations often give elaborate benefits that pay, but the charity event for the small institution seldom shows more than a nominal cash return.

Many private agencies charge fees for their services. As tax-exempt enterprises, they compete unfairly with private undertakings. Is it not reasonable to suggest that the State should check up frequently on the work of such agencies to determine if their activities justify tax exemption?

III

TO ILLUSTRATE the characteristic extravagance and lack of coherent organization which feature many such institutions, let me give you the "case history" of a small agency with whose work I am familiar. There may be many points of difference between the institution you are thinking of and the one I have in mind, but I dare say there are also many similarities.

In all fairness, we may note that there are community centers, schools, and settlements throughout the United States administered by able, conscientious, hard-working people. But, while many are better than the institutions we are about to consider, some are worse.

The small private school which is the subject of our study is run ostensibly as a philanthropic institution. The public is solicited for donations on the plea that the children attending are a specialized group needing specialized training. Appeal letters are sent out at frequent intervals to wring the heartstrings of the sentimental. Funds so acquired, added to tuition fees and the saving through tax exemptions, enable the school to muddle along with a growing deficit.

But let us look behind the scenes!

The school building, of antique design, has a two-hundred-foot frontage on a congested thoroughfare in a large city. The property is tax-exempt, depriving the city of the large revenue which so valuable a plot would pay if occupied by a commercial organization. Children are forced to travel considerable distances from the residential areas so that the school may be maintained in a district convenient to the teachers.

As for the instruction given — the "excellent" training, unobtainable elsewhere (according to the appeal letters), is dispensed by a group of teachers ranging from excellent to

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incompetent. Their instruction is spotty and desultory, no fixed curriculum being followed.

In spite of such poor standards, the fees charged are as high as those exacted by any private school, of the same type, in the city. Contributors, of course, are not aware of this fact. The school does not advertise, and the parents of the pupils are not told of the so-called "philanthropic" needs. They are not conspicuous enough to be on the sucker list to which appeals are mailed.

It is true that the school gives a few scholarships to deserving students. The fact is widely advertised, but the exact number is not divulged.

The reader may ask: Why the need for private donations?

Our answer is: Inefficiency!

There are two persons to do the work of one. In fact, there is flagrant waste all along the line. The school conducts a restaurant to serve five meals a week to the faculty, in spite of the fact that there are a number of good restaurants in the immediate vicinity which serve ample meals at the same or lower prices. The staff dines in the school restaurant to please the headmaster. Examples of such inefficiency are encountered throughout the organization. The paid workers are interested mainly in holding their jobs.

Such conditions are not entirely unknown to the board members. The accountants who audit the books at regular intervals and compute the annual deficits have recommended, on several occasions, the scrapping of such extravagances as the restaurant, which is run at a loss of from forty to fifty dollars a month. The board invariably tables such recommendations.

Even though the building is heated and adapted to a supplementary program when the school is not in session, the plant is used — in hours — less than one half of the week. It is also closed all summer, when the spacious rooms might serve the recreational needs of poor city children. But that would interfere with the vacation plans of the staff!

IV

ONE OF THE FREQUENTLY urged excuses for the support of private groups is that they set standards for the public agencies to follow. Much valuable work undoubtedly has been accomplished from this standpoint, but often, we are sorry to say, such standards are based on prodigality and extravagance.

If we are to have such research, let the researchers begin with a definite understanding of our limited capacity to provide for the material well-being of the people. There is little contemporary research that takes into account present national, State, and local financial limitations.

Much of it is like a certain nursery-school experiment in which a great philanthropist set aside a large sum for research in preschool education. The experiment was entrusted to a group of prominent researchers. A nursery school was established, and the educators lived up to one stipulation — they expended the entire sum!

The parents of 35 children who were privileged to attend paid $400 each for a 36-week term — children of the poor were obviously excluded from the benefits of this magnificent experiment.

This learned staff conducted intensive experiments in child development, which common observation, as well as the consensus of many competent educators, indicates could have been carried on just as effectively in a public institution.

The voluntary agency today has but two excuses for continuing. It may prove its value to the community in pioneer work along lines which give promise of contributing to human welfare or it may work effectively with specialized groups.

We cannot expect the public agency to undertake untried programs. On the other hand, we may reasonably ask that experimental work be carried on by persons of such insight and honesty of purpose that they will know when they have finished their tasks — successfully or not.

When the experiment is finished, the agency must decide either to close its doors or to enter a new field. If the group asking your donations has continued for twenty-five years without changing its technique and methods, you may be reasonably certain that the management is not alert to social changes. It is as important for social agencies as for business enterprises to take frequent inventory.

We agree with Barclay Acheson, who wrote in the September, 1937, *Survey Graphic*, under

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the title of "A Donor's Dilemma," that it is difficult to know which appeals are worthy, for one may be easily misled by a cleverly worded appeal. You may or may not know that, as a general rule, the highest paid person in the social agency is the person in charge of soliciting funds.

If you get a cleverly worded "gimme" letter from some agency, you may possibly avoid errors of judgment by asking the following questions and insisting on frank answers:

1. How many persons does the agency serve and for how many hours a week?
2. How many months a year does it operate?
3. Is it duplicating work now being done by public groups?
4. Is it doing anything new and experimental?
5. What is its object, and does it offer you an analysis of its financial statement so that you may know at a glance how it spends your money?
6. Does it tell you whether its clients pay for its services and does it give reasonable assurance that such services cannot be secured at equal or lower cost elsewhere?
7. Are you asked to give on the basis of fact or on the lure of a fictional sob story?
8. Is there a mortgage on the building, and how much of your money goes to maintain interest payments and how much toward amortizing the principal?
9. Is the building used so antiquated that a large part of your dollar goes to pay for repairs and accident-insurance premiums?

I am speaking, of course, not of the outstanding well-established agencies but of that large group of small voluntary organizations regarding whose actual activities the general public knows very little and whose search for funds is based on cleverly worded appeals.

Almost anyone who receives any appeals at all finds himself called on by representatives of innumerable, often obscure, agencies bearing such imposing titles as: Little Sisters of the Navy, Association for Promoting More and Better Vitamins, and Friends of the Aesthetic Life. Many of these belong in the recreational group, and their appeal is based on any objective from the prevention of delinquency to the development of musical talent.

To sum up, if you are giving to an institution you have a right to know how your dollar is to be spent. No business management which failed to account to its board of directors and stockholders would long continue on the job.

V

THE SITUATION of the private agency today is one of confusion and uncertainty. If it would justify its existence in a period of social and economic change, it must either do a satisfactory job with a specialized group or it must pioneer in an experimental field.

There is a shocking waste in duplication of functions by public and private agencies. Private agencies are closed during the hours when the public schools are open, while public schools are closed during the hours when the population has leisure. Many private agencies and schools are tightly barred over week ends and during the summers, when the need of comfortable recreation centers is most urgent. The reader may find it instructive, as I have, to walk through the underprivileged sections of the city on hot Sundays and holidays and count the number of settlements and schools literally barred shut.

There is a growing demand that recreation centers be provided as a response to the need of the people for creative leisure-time activity and not when and if public officials and individual benefactors desire to provide them. This is not "charity"; for intelligent modern persons generally agree that the paternalistic handout belongs in the attic with hoop skirts and bustles. The growth of the labor movement in this country, coincident with our rediscovery of the ideals of democracy on which our nation was founded, impels us to recognize that we live and work side by side and not class for class.

The demand, therefore, that large groups be enabled to enjoy facilities for mass recreation as a right of citizenship suggests that their provision is a proper concern of tax-supported institutions. American democracy has always dictated that, when any activity proves to be needed by a large segment of the population, it shall be transferred from the privately endowed and maintained to the publicly supported group, which is the concern of the citizenry and not of any one class.

In the history of our country, we find that education became a public matter as soon as the people demanded universal education. In

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the field of public health, free clinics became a community interest after a small group of enlightened individuals had demonstrated their value. Provision of community centers for leisure-time activities is now a concern of the community as a whole.

The public schools are obviously the place for a mass program in leisure-time activity. They have the plant and the necessary equipment and from the standpoint of natural neighborhood grouping they are the ideal community centers. It is apparent that a large-scale recreational program in the publicly owned school plant would require a recreational staff with a special supervisor appointed for this service who could take over the school building when the academic staff left.

If such a program is to be effective, it is essential that we think no longer in watertight compartments of schools, parks, and recreation centers. Efficient management and economic expediency require that, in the future, parks, playgrounds, and schools be designed as a unit. Architectural and financial considerations would make this a better plan of building. From the social and administrative standpoint, much is to be gained in having "house and garden" as one entity.

The work of private welfare agencies in mass recreation is completed. Through the generosity of individuals and through experiments on a small scale, methods have been developed which now can be pursued more effectively under public auspices.

Men Never Born

by **RICHARD OLESON**

PROBABLY I AM a softhearted sap, as many of my friends here have told me. At any rate I suppose that is as good an explanation as any for what I did about Stevens when, several years ago, one of these very friends brought him into my office and asked for my help.

After having served three prison terms for repetitions of the same crime (one of many variations of stealing), Stevens had decided that a career of crime was unprofitable and that, for the remaining years of his life, he would "go straight," as the reformers call it — "be legitimate," the criminals say. For, by the code of criminals, he had always been on the level. He had always made his "meets" on the minute. He had never tried to influence someone who was legitimate to "work." He had never double-crossed a side-kick. He had never given a copper a break. He had never "put the finger on" anybody. He was on the level through and through. He had simply been engaged in an unprofitable undertaking

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and had decided to change it. That was all.

As far as I was concerned, there was more than sappiness in my taking him on. The parole board, which was set up by the State of New York to help men who had just left prison, was taking care to warn those to whom he went (as they did me, within a week of the day I met him) that he was a professional criminal and would double-cross anyone who took him in. This seemed rather rotten to me. I was thoroughly convinced that the ex-criminal who sat at my desk, looking me straight in the eye and talking earnestly of the future, was as good a man as many I met every day in business and that all he needed was the same courteous and considerate treatment and trust which one accords his friends. I felt that he had paid his debt to society and that society now owed him something which, by and large, it was unwilling to give him. So I took the job myself — partly because I wanted to repay this debt, partly because I wanted to grant the request of the friend who brought Stevens to me, and partly because of an unmixed intellectual curiosity as to what would happen. I knew that I couldn't afford it just then, if it were to cost me any money, but I decided to take a chance on that.

What was he to do? Although at one time he had accumulated and stowed away in a safe-deposit box nearly a hundred thousand dollars in cash — all stolen money, of course — he came from his last prison sentence without any resources whatever save a bit over a hundred dollars made up of money he had actually earned while in prison, plus a small amount the State had paid him when he left. Well advanced in middle age, he had been trained for no business whatever. More significant than this, he had never trained himself to work. He had lived by his wits. How, now, could they aid him in this (to him) new world of legitimate enterprise?

Of course I had no answer to the question. But I could and did arrange so that for three months he should receive a regular income of fifteen dollars a week, in return for simply telling his story. And I arranged for him to occupy an apartment next to mine, at a cost of twenty dollars a month, and gave him furniture with which to make it habitable.

For over a year he had a key to my apartment and entered it and used freely anything in it whenever he chose. There was scarcely a day during that year nor any hour of day or night in which I did not see and talk with him. He ate my food, and I his, scores of times. Bit by bit he told me the entire story of his life and of all of his hopes and ambitions for the future. I saw him in the expression of practically every emotion of which a human being is capable. I sat up with him through long nights of hysterical, hopeless weeping, calming him much as one might a child. I watched him in ridiculous boasting and glorification of himself, in exhibiting automatically turned-on charm before women. I saw him spend for wine three dollars of the only five he had in the world — which I had given him for food — in order to impress a woman five minutes after he had met her. I saw him grovel in self-vilification. He met and mingled with my friends freely, and most of them knew nothing of his criminal record. I heard him talk with sensitiveness and deep aesthetic intelligence about natural beauty and saw him condescend absurdly to his superiors in intelligence and strength of character and adjustment to life. I knew his anger against me. I watched closely while the beauty and ugliness of the human soul displayed themselves through him. As nearly as it is possible for one man to know another whose background and training and standards are as different from his as Stevens' are from mine, I know this man.

Four Walls of His Own

The first job after I had met him was to get him moved into his apartment, and this I did, paying the drayman myself for bringing his belongings down from the hotel where he had been staying and moving also the furniture which I had accumulated for him; for I found that in less than three weeks he had spent every cent he had brought from prison with him — every cent he had in the world — a little over a hundred dollars.

Then came his task of settling down. He was in an apartment, from which he could come and go as he chose, for the first time in many years and he went vigorously at the job of cleaning it. Every square inch of it — floor, woodwork, walls, and ceiling — he scrubbed with soap and water more meticulously than I have ever seen any cleaning woman do.

I mentally praised this without compromise at first. Somehow it seemed to augur well for

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his orderly progress, to prove his appreciation of freedom and a decent place in which to live.

With that done, I rather naïvely expected him to get out and hunt for a job. I made a few suggestions, spoke of him to one or two persons who would have helped him, and in general tried to make what I knew would be a difficult task for him a little easier.

But he had a hundred well-rationalized excuses for not following up any lead, and practically any hour of the day or night I could find him in his apartment, behind a locked and bolted door. When I knocked he would always call harshly, "Who's there?" before opening it. What he did there all of the time I have no idea. Sometimes he would be making a footstool out of lumber from packing boxes he had picked up in the street, sometimes fixing curtains which he had bought for a quarter from a rag man, sometimes washing or ironing his clothes, sometimes lying on his bed staring at the ceiling — but almost never was he absent from the reassuring embrace of the four walls in which he lived, save for a few minutes at a time.

In those early days of our acquaintance he was all nerves and raw emotions which lay close to the surface. It was almost impossible for him to say anything calmly.

It was not surprising, to be sure. For over twenty years he had lived surrounded by one set of circumstances which forced secretiveness and fear on him. He could not easily rid himself of them.

Yet there seemed more to it than this. Seeing the extreme extent of his apparent terror of facing normal living, I kept wondering whether this fear were not something deeper than that which had been produced by a need to adapt himself to a vastly changed way of life.

Security

Meanwhile he was getting the fifteen dollars a week I had arranged for him. To be sure, it wasn't enough. He was constantly "borrowing" money from me (which, of course, meant accepting gifts) to an extent that I could ill afford. But I was determined not to make him feel inferior by refusing him, and sixty-five a month is not a lot of money when twenty of it must go for rent. I supposed, of course, that he was paying his rent every month.

Even when his light was turned off for nonpayment of his bill, neither of us minded too much. We simply ran an extension cord from one of my lights, through a small hole we bored in the partition between our apartments, for him to use until he had saved enough to pay his back bill.

And when his gas was likewise turned off he used the key that he had to my apartment and cooked on mine.

He borrowed freely anything which I owned, without asking for it — borrowed and never returned — tools (for both of us liked to tinker about, and I had a hammer and a saw and a couple of chisels in my apartment), clothing, utensils, whatever he wanted. Gradually a rather large proportion of my ordinary little useful possessions moved from my apartment into his, so that when I wanted something for my own use — something of my own — I would have to get it from him, only to find, as like as not, the next time I wanted it, that it had drifted back to his ménage.

Let me make it perfectly clear that he did not steal these things. There was no intention on his part to conceal his having taken them, no plan to separate them from me permanently. It was just that he was completely willing to live at the expense of anyone else, even in little things, and completely devoid of any normal consideration for the rights and conveniences of others. I am convinced, now, as I look back over my year with Stevens, that it never once occurred to him to wonder whether something he wanted to do would impinge on the rights or comfort of anyone else. His lack of consideration was absolute — a completely negative thing, not an active intention to take what he wanted and pay no attention to the discomfort of others. He never saw the discomfort.

A friend gave me a quart of whisky. Stevens drank half of it while I was away and then, ashamed, apparently, of his desire to finish it off, went on drinking from the bottle but watered the rest so that it was still half-full.

A few days after this I learned that Stevens was two months behind with his rent. He had been getting fifteen a week all of this time; plus perhaps fifty dollars in three months, which my friends and I had got for him by selling his product; plus well over fifty dollars which I had lent him — so that his actual income during those three months had been at least

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twenty-five a week. Beyond the first month's rent, however, he had given his landlord nothing. Once more I withheld my annoyance and paid his rent for him.

Now his fifteen a week stopped, because the agreed-on three-month period had expired. He had written a distant relative, hoping to get some help, but had not heard from him yet. Finally — after three months' delay — he did leave the close confines of his apartment and begin to look for a job. And he found one at last — a laboring job, rather heavy work, to be sure, but something which he was quite capable of doing without taxing his strength. He kept it for a week.

At the end of that time he received, from the relative to whom he had written, a check for twenty dollars and the assurance that he would receive the same amount every week for at least a couple of months.

The next morning, long after the time when Stevens should have left for his job, I heard him moving around in his apartment and went in. He had a cold, he said, and couldn't work that day.

He never went back to that job; and again, so long as the distant relative kept sending him money each week, he spent easily nine tenths of his time in his apartment, behind a locked door, like a mouse which had managed to throw up a barricade against a hostile world.

The Perpetual Prisoner

There was something uncanny about it, something more than laziness, something which made me feel more and more that this man, who clung so jealously not just to solitude (for he would come to my apartment and keep me awake until four o'clock in the morning talking, telling me plans he had for a dozen businesses — if only he had a few thousand dollars' capital) but to a spot where four walls were constantly around him, was not of the race I knew as the race of men.

I began to get a clew to the matter when I talked to him about the last two prisons in which he had served sentences.

The first of these, which I shall call A, was a conventional "maximum security" prison, with time-tried prison methods of strict obedience to stringent rules enforced by close confinements, punishments, and elaborate precautions against escape.

Prison B, on the other hand, is an ultra-modern experimental institution in which an honest and diligent attempt is being made to substitute therapy for punishment. Rehabilitation has taken the place of retribution in the minds of the highly intelligent superintendent and his supporters. There are no punishment cells in the institution; there are no walls about it; there are no armed guards. From the time when the men leave their tasks in the evening (about five o'clock) until ten, they are free to go anywhere they wish in the building, to play games in the recreation rooms, to visit their friends in their rooms (there are no cells, in the ordinary sense of the word), or to read in the library. When lights are put out at ten the doors of their rooms are not locked; the prison is locked in units of corridors, each containing about forty rooms.

I was praising Prison B to Stevens one evening and asked him for his feeling about it.

"I'd much rather do time in A," he said. "There's too much freedom in B. You're not even locked in your cell at night."

"Are you being funny?" I asked.

"Not at all," he answered, with some asperity. "At A you were locked in right after evening mess, and you knew where you were and could settle down for the evening and night. It's much preferable to being able to wander all over the building."

When he said this I saw a sudden connection between his preference to prisons and his constant presence in his apartment.

In a prison cell, securely locked in against every other human being in the world, he had known no responsibilities, had needed to make no decisions, had no occasions to pit himself against the world in any of its shapes or moods. Here he could construct grandeur for himself, design and build his castles in Spain, inhabit them in all the royal glory of fantasy, without the effort or danger which would have attended the process of actually gaining, in competitive effort, one pin with which to fasten his kingly robe.

Likewise in his apartment, seeing in his mind how beautifully he could get along in a business of his own — if only he had a few thousand dollars' capital — he was approximating the same secure and satisfactory condition.

Gradually I became convinced that emotionally he would still rather be in a cell in the

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worst of the prisons he had inhabited — an institution in which he saw men flogged practically to death for petty offenses — than to face squarely the problem of meeting the world outside of prison on its own terms. For him prison was not a place set up to protect society from criminals but rather one which could protect criminals from society.

The Unborn

About the time that this was seeming apparent to me, Dutch Schultz, one of the kingpins of modern racketeers, a hard guy, a criminal of the type which is one of the most vicious products of modern society, was taken, dying, to a hospital in Newark, victim of rival mobsters. How many men had met their deaths by the hand of, or as a result of orders issued by, this man no one can know.

When a police stenographer sat at his bedside during the last few hours of his life, while the dying bad man raved under the influence of a temperature of 106 degrees, here are some of the things which went into the record just as they came from his lips.

> "Oh, Mamma, Mamma, Mamma. O stop it. Oh, oh, oh! Sure, sure, Mamma."
>
> "Sure, who cares when you are through?"
>
> "There are only ten of us and there are ten million fighting in front of us."
>
> ". . . those dirty rats have turned — Mother, please, please — Oh Mamma, Mamma, please don't tear, don't rip — "
>
> "Please, Mother, you pick me up now. Please, you know me. . . . No, don't scare me."
>
> "Get a doll, a roofing, — you can play jacks — and girls do that with a soft ball."
>
> "Mother is the best bet and don't let Satan draw you too fast."

I think it is obvious that I am not quoting this in order to point out that, even in the most hardened criminal there is left a beautiful spark of love for and loyalty to Mother. As a result of the delirium which immediately preceded the death of Dutch Schultz three things stood out.

First, he was scared and probably had been during all his mortal life. He was afraid of the "ten million fighting in front of us," against the puny strength of "only ten of us," afraid of "those dirty rats," afraid of "them," afraid of tearing and ripping, afraid lest "Satan draw" him "too fast," afraid because nobody would care when he was "through."

Second, firmly embedded among his permanent memories, to which he turned for comfort in his worst moment, were little girls playing with dolls and jacks — in other words, his childhood, during which he had not been compelled to face the realities and responsibilities of an adult world.

Third, his tortured mind and soul and body turned, in their last extremity, to his mother, a mother from whom he had never been spiritually weaned — of whom, perhaps, he had never actually been fully born.

Something suddenly seemed clear to me, something which explained the content of Dutch Schultz's almost incoherent ravings and the need which my friend Stevens had shown so clearly to be as securely surrounded by four walls as possible.

Before ever a man is born he has an individual life removed from danger, without responsibility, without even the effort of thought to mark it. Safely held within his mother's womb he is utterly and unassailably secure. After birth his mother's arms, his mother's love, his mother's thought for him, his mother's defense of him carry on the noble function of protecting him against the assaults of men and circumstance. Gradually, year by year (assuming that he is a healthy person), as his normal abilities develop, he sloughs off this protection (if he is allowed and encouraged — or forced — to do so) until, long years out of the actual womb, he achieves his true birth as an individual and stands soundly on his own base, dependent first and last, in ultimate things, on himself and whatever goods he may have achieved, facing the world in his own strength and by his own right as a man. It is at this point that he becomes spiritually adult. Whether the seed of this spiritual maturity is in the germ plasm or is implanted in him after birth who knows? In most men it exists. In a few it grows and ripens. And in some, it seems to me, there is no such seed at all.

Perhaps it will sound too simple to most laymen; perhaps too obvious or, on the other hand, like nonsense to a psychiatrist; the ravings of Dutch Schultz and the history of Stevens, in and out of prison, have made me think simply this: neither Schultz nor Stevens ever achieved his true birth. Schultz, surrounding himself in life with a wall of bullet-belching guns, a bodyguard, and money; Schultz, calling on his mother and recreating his childhood through memory in the moment of his greatest

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terror (the culmination of a lifetime of fear); Stevens, preferring Prison A to Prison B; Stevens, hugging the walls of his apartment like a cloak about his shoulders — both were constantly seeking spiritually the fetal security they knew before their actual physical parturition. Men and women of adult age who are actually adolescent we all know and tolerate and even love, for we can understand them. But these men were less than that — perhaps less than infantile; they were half-men — creatures who never emerged in their entirety from the fetal state.

I was expressing this theory, toward the end of my year's experiment, to the friend who had originally brought Stevens to me. He smiled and said, "You might be interested to know that he asked me just the other day if I knew any way that he could get into a monastery."

God's Dependent

Well, the year during which I had determined to stick it, regardless of liking or disliking, came to an end. And with it came an eviction notice for Stevens from the landlord. He had been on relief. He had borrowed widely from myself and my friends. Yet he was four months behind with his modest rent, and the landlord, who had certainly gone the limit in patience, could wait no longer.

I did nothing about that, not because I had grown less generous — not even because of my growing feeling of the gap between us which made understanding and true friendship impossible — but because it seemed so futile to support him longer, seemed even perhaps the worst thing I could possibly do for him. He was proud of his achievement in this time, to be sure, for he had not gone back to his profession; and it did not occur to him that his legitimacy was utterly empty until he became self-supporting.

He moved out, and, when he went, I told him that he would get no more money from me.

I have never seen him since that day. When he could lean on me no longer, there was nothing to bring him back to me. He had never had any interest in me as a person; and, as I realized that, I suddenly realized, too, that he had never been interested in any others beyond the extent to which he could lean on them.

All his life he had instinctively sought someone else to carry his burdens — before he had been a criminal, while he was being a criminal, and since. His criminality had been an incidental by-product, simply a medium by which he could live at the expense of others, lean on the rest of society, for he was literally incapable of leaning on himself. Any other medium would have done as well. Had he entered a monastery in his early youth or joined the army and remained there until the retirement age or entered into any environment in which someone else would have taken responsibility for him, surrounded him with walls of unfailing security beyond which he would not have been forced to go and face the world, he would never have stolen. But simply having made him afraid to steal again, simply convincing him that he could not steal with safety and profit to himself, simply teaching him an occupation by which he might earn his living legitimately if he would work at it — these could not possibly make a productive, self-dependent person of him, for self-dependence, responsibility, integrity in his relation to himself and the world, the essential seed of maturity, was somehow, I believe completely now, left out of him. And no amount of good soil and careful cultivation can bring forth a harvest when no seed has been planted.

For the moment the New Deal has taken the burden of responsibility which, at one time, his mother took. The WPA has put around him now the walls of security which three States, at different times, furnished in their prisons and which my friends and I furnished for a year. As long as that lasts, Stevens will be comparatively content, the charming guest and host, the engaging conversationalist, the somewhat wistful small boy; when occasion makes it opportune, the apparently earnest seeker after a better way of life, the dreamer of grand and plausible dreams. When it ends, God, who never gave the man his true birth, alone knows what he will do. For he will find his lasting need for security satisfied only when his walls encompass the coffin in which he is carried back to earth.

In an early issue:
"Misled Martyrs"

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Money Wasn't Everything

by **RUTH GORDON**

"HIGHWAY ROBBERS!" was the way my father used to describe the local merchants of our little town. "It stands to reason, they *got* to be, if they want to keep alive," and sometimes he would add darkly, "Dog eat dog," which did not seem quite to follow.

But, at any rate, ours was definitely not the trade by which they kept alive. All Wollaston might patronize the stores strung out along Newport Avenue, but our trade was aimed at the larger marts.

Once a week, on Saturday, my father would go to Sprague Brothers, Wholesale and Retail Butchers, whose stall was located in Faneuil Hall Market in Boston, and there he would prudently purchase our entire butchering for the week. And on Thursdays he would forage for us once again, to T Wharf this time, returning home with a "good fresh fish," allowing, of course, for whatever freshness a fish may lose by riding twenty minutes on a crowded commuters' train.

But the problem of our groceries had never quite been solved.

Every fortnight my father and mother would sit in conference at our scarred kitchen table, dimly lighted by a small, glum kerosene lamp. My father would have his fountain pen, and my mother a block of buff-colored paper, Courtesy of the Mellin's Food Company, and a catalogue, Courtesy of S. S. Pierce; and from the pages of the latter they would order our groceries for the following two weeks. My mother divided her attention between Pierce's catalogue and her own personal list, written out in a cabalistic smudge on snatches of wrapping paper or a torn-open brown-paper bag. She would read off the necessary items, and my father would write them out in his very nice, exact hand, which seemed smugly to remind one that if a thing was worth doing at all it was worth doing well.

The only other times the table was used thus were Sunday evenings, when my father catechized my mother on the local grocer's bill.

This discussion, like all Gaul, was divided into three parts, the first being why there should be a local bill at all.

"It don't take education," my father would declare, "to know that if you buy things in bulk it's a whole lot cheaper than if you go crumbling your money away, buying small doses at a time."

Sometimes my mother would remind him of how the ants had once got into our barrel of sugar, and sometimes she would just restfully let it all pass.

Part two of the program was direct questioning by my father as to each item on the weekly bill, eliciting a somewhat scattered set of replies from my mother, who always found it hard to stick to the point.

Part three varied. It might be an attack on my mother's relatives; it might be a brief appeal to the Almighty to let us know where it was all going to end; or my father might come to an abrupt decision to just do away with himself.

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But, whatever later trend the discussion took, affairs invariably started with a feverish search by my mother to find "that pencil." Our household seemed to have just the one. Of course my father might have offered his fountain pen, but I think he felt that so fine an invention was not to be demeaned by the chicanery of woman's local grocery bills. However, the pencil would eventually be captured, lurking fractiously away back in the dealtable drawer, hidden behind odd pieces of used wrapping paper, the current pink Chinese-laundry slip, and my mother's kitchen reading — ranging impartially from Hornby's Oats Prize Puzzle Contests to Butterick's Free Fashion Sheet and a copy of the magazine called *Unity*, which my mother said helped her a good deal.

My father would stare moodily at the assortment. "Regular fire trap," he would declare.

Preliminary Fencing

Sitting in the dining room, half listening, half reading, I sided with my father and wished he would put a stop to our trading at Mr. Backus' grocery store, for it was I who, when my mother ran short of things had to "just run up to Mr. Backus' like a good girl" and bring home two pounds of this or that.

"Now what about this butter?" I could hear my father demand. "I thought Ruth went and got that from the stuff that farmer sends the Brighams every week."

"Well, now, Clinton, she started to; but you know the Brighams live way up on Prospect, and climbing up that high hill and all, Ruth says, it hurts her back."

"She climbs up there all right to go coasting, don't she?"

"Well, it's carrying *butter* that tires her out."

"Why, we don't take but three pounds once a week! To hear you talk, you'd think she was tugging a supply to stock up the Nazarene's Home."

"Now, Clinton, you know yourself" — and my mother's voice dropped to a delicate whisper — "she's just at the growing age."

"Lazy as a louse," said my father judicially. "How old is she, anyway — fourteen, fifteen? At that age I'd had six years before the mast, and one of 'em was spent sailin' under Captain Dermott out of Rockland Harbor, totaling up that six years to equal near ten. What's this cat meat? Was that the steak we had last night?"

"Oh, I don't know what to say, Clinton," my mother sighed. "Of course not. That was called Louisiana steak. It was a recipe I got out of the Boston Globe. And you ate it like you liked it, too."

"Well, if it was so good, why'n't you give some to Punk? Why's he got to have special cat meat, I'd like to know? What's good enough for me is good enough for him."

"No, dear, you've got it all wrong —"

"You mean it *ain't* good enough for him? Why, I'll kick that cat clear to Gibraltar and back home here again! A man hears such things he just can't credit his ears."

"No, dear, no. You're so hasty, Clinton. If you'd just let me finish what I was going to say. You got the dates all wrong. The day I bought cat meat was the day *we* had baked beans, and there wasn't anything else left in the house. You can't feed a cat *beans*. You know that as well as me. And when she's hungry, she's doleful, and it makes *me* feel bad."

"Beans or no beans, there's no call to lay out money on a cat. I don't care if he's doleful as hell. A cat's a scavenger. Boston Globe may not say so, but it's so all the same."

"Oh, poor Punk," my mother sighed.

"Dribble, dribble, dribble, that's where the money goes. Every two weeks we get that box sent out from Pierce's, and then each week a bill from Backus comes along."

"I know it, Clinton. Don't think I don't. I know it, too, but I'm just not a wizard. You know I'm not. I know it just as well as you do but I can't tell exactly absolutely two weeks ahead just what I'm going to use for the *next* two weeks to come."

"Well, it beats the Dutch *why* you can't. A cook on a vessel can do it. If you're in the Straits of Singapore and you want a can of lard there's just two things you can do: you can have it with you or you can go without."

"I know it, Clinton. Don't think I don't."

"I don't know what we got to go and have a cat for, anyhow. It don't do nothin' but just eat off his head. A cat's an animal ain't any use to man."

"Oh, well, now, Clinton — Punk's nice and good. And a lot of company to me when Ruth isn't home. And a cat does keep away mice."

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"I guess! What about that trap of rats I caught in the swill house, last spring? I put 'em down in the driveway, and that cat just sat and licked her face."

"Well, but she knew they were all caught, anyway. Mrs. Claflin thinks she's a *bright* cat. And she loves you, Clinton."

"Who — Mrs. Claflin?"

"Clinton! If anybody heard you! Punk, of course. Punk loves you."

My father stared concentratedly at the ceiling, as if he might have been counting ten, and evidently got the better of himself. "Loves me like a pig's behind," was all that he said.

"Oh dear, that's awful talk. I don't believe George *ever* spoke to Emma like that."

"He couldn't; he's too deaf."

"Why, that ain't sensible," said my mother in a tone of gentle reproof. "And beside, look how Punk does her trick for you. You showed her that. When you persevere, Clinton, you can do just about anything you want. You may have faults, but I do always say that."

Somewhat mollified, my father studied the cat. "Come here, for God's sake, and do something to earn your keep. Come here, Punk, and jump over."

Through the door I could see Punk stop washing her face, tack diffidently across the kitchen floor to my father's outstretched leg, and obligingly jump over.

"There, now, Clinton," exclaimed my mother, all admiration, "just tell me where you could get a cat to do that!"

"Don't like cats," said my father ungraciously. "Germ carriers, every one of 'em, that's what they are. Layin' in at Singapore one time, bubonic plague broke out, and everyone said it was brought aboard by the second mate's cat."

"Mmmmmm! Dear, dear."

"Malay cook we had at that time tossed him right off the poop deck. No stamina, them Malayans. Can't tell *what* they'll do next."

"Oh, that's dreadful," said my mother, full of sympathy for the whole world of cats. "Whatever did the poor thing do?"

In Full Blast!

WHY, WHAT THE HELL would *you* do? He *swam*, of course. If you mean *where* did he swim — that I can't say. Naturally he hadn't expected a change to come on him quite so sudden. Once he got the idea, though, he set out toward the general direction of Nagasaki and from where I was watching he looked like he had a moderate stiff upper lip."

"I declare, men are heartless, treating a dumb animal like that. I *like* a cat."

"Don't know what's dumb about 'em. Don't do no work, gets a fair-to-middlin' place to live in and upwards and onwards of anywheres from three to forty square meals a day, just accordin' to how often you forget. Damned if I don't wish I was a cat." My father's eye drifted despondently back to the bill. "What was we doin' with four tangerines?"

"Well, now, Clinton, the child took one a day to high school in her box of lunch."

"Can't she eat just simple, plain oranges like the rest of us can? Or is her back too weak to lug a piece of fruit that large?"

"Well, no, dear, it was just a change."

"And these bills need a change. Last week it was a dollar ninety-eight and this week it's two twenty-two. And then there's that Dr. Adams' bill I got to pay something towards, and January first the North Western premium's due. I'd like to go to sleep about Christmas and not come to till January eighth. All I'm wonderin' at is why I don't."

"What a way to talk, dear. Why, just suppose that premium slid. I don't know how you can say such things. What would Ruth and I do, if anything happened to you?"

"Oh, I guess you wouldn't starve."

"Clinton, you're so hard sometimes. I'd like to know why we wouldn't."

"Because you'd be so stuffed full with all the food I'd bought you from S. S. Pierce and these groceries from George Backus."

"Oh, dear! Well, I know I manage a lot better than the Claflins do. I *know* the Claflins' bill is bigger than ours, and she's not such a good cook."

"I don't give a ____ *what* Claflin's bill is. Claflin may be a millionaire, for all I know. I just know I ain't and never will be so long as I got bills, bills, bills!"

"Well, I guess money doesn't bring happiness, dear."

"It's a cinch poverty don't!"

"Clinton, you can't call us poverty, and any little thing we get extra we do appreciate. Oh, I guess money isn't everything."

"Well, poverty is! Poverty's everything

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there is in my whole world. I even know what color it is. It's a rotten dark brown an' it's everywhere; I got poverty in my hair and eyes and nose and ears and feet. It's even in my front walk when I come home at night and in the Saturday Evening Post."

"Clinton, you're just crazy; you're just tired out — that's what you are."

"Yes, an' if I'm crazy I'm crazy because I'm poor. I'm too poor to keep the brains I was born with, that is providin' I *was* born. Maybe I just flew together out of spite. I don't know. Just seems like there isn't *anything* I can afford. I can't even afford to take a cold. If Waterhouse, up on the hill, felt like it, he could have one every day of the week. But not me! Why whenever I even sit on a piece of our furniture, especially the stuff in the parlor, I sit careful, so it don't wear out. I read the Saturday Evening Post and I *wish* it was the Scientific American but I *read* the Saturday Evening Post. Why? Because it costs just a damn five cents! And the Scientific American — well, what's the use of talking about it? — I got the brains and the inclination but I *ain't* got the thirty-five sou markees. And we live on hash and stew and Louisiana cat meat, for all I know, when I got a taste for oysters and curry, like they make it in Bombay, and bird's nest soup and cheese fondoo, the way the French girl fixed it in Wiscasset where I went with Fred Gee, and a good soft, ripe custard apple, that they pretty near give away for nothin' at Mozambique."

"Oh, I don't know what to do. I *don't* know what to do. Clinton, I really don't."

"Don't trouble," said my father, with a world of meaning. "I'm going out!"

"Why, Clinton, you can't! It must be nine o'clock!"

"Don't try to stop me!" thundered my father. "I been out at every hour of the night that there is."

"Oh, Clinton, where are you going?"

I had closed my book and was listening intently, dreading to hear the worst.

"Don't do anything rash," pleaded my mother. "Please, Clinton, for all our sakes."

"Nothin' rasher than to just lay down on the railroad tracks," he said, so convincingly that, as many times as I had heard this, I really believed that he might.

"Oh, Clinton, you wouldn't!"

"And I'm going to take that cat right with me! You come here, Punk" — and my father bent down to drag him out from under the stove. "He's gone and wedged himself in, back of the boiler. Well, it's a wonder he ain't fricasseed. You get the hell out from under there. I'm damned if I'll be a foreman *all* my life, just so's I can support a striped cat."

"Oh, Clinton, I'll never give him anything again," my mother pleaded. "I don't care *how* he looks at me; I won't. I'll give him anything that's left over, just *anything* at all. I don't care *what* it is; he can look at me all he wants; even if it's crumbs so small you can't see *what* they are or something he hates, like fudge. Only don't go out, Clinton. Don't go out, for me! Think of all I've done, dear. Think of Ruth."

He'll Live, after All

My father hesitated, stared balefully around the kitchen, and then graciously decided to give in. "Drop it," he growled. "It's just an idea I had but it's like everything else I can't afford. I can't even afford to do that. The New York, New Haven, and Hartford'd sue you, for me clutterin' up their tracks. Come on; put out that lamp. It's been smokin' like it nearly always is. I don't know why *no one* around here ever thinks to trim a wick."

With relief I could hear my father open the door leading to the back stairs. There was an immediate snort of displeasure. "How many times have I told you," he roared, "not to store newspapers in here? If there's a God of justice anywhere's, which I say there ain't, they're goin' to start a fire someday and burn down the shack! And look at this place! You tell Ruth, if the growin' age ain't proved too much for her and if it don't wrench her back, she might connect up with a duster; this bannister's gray enough to pass for silver birch."

"I will, Clinton; I'll tell her and I'll clear those papers out right away."

"I don't know," murmured my father, disappearing, "I don't know what the answer is. God save us all from the kick of a lame duck."

There was a moment of silence, and then my mother tiptoed into the dining room very cautiously and nodded her head at me, our family signal to show that my father had calmed down. "Come out here and help me with these newspapers, Ruth," she whispered. "We can make room for them on the cellar landing. It's so cold there *nothin'd* ever catch fire."

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SLUM Clearance: a Flight from Reality

by **ROBERT F. MARSHALL**

In the last five years, Congress has voted nearly a billion dollars for slum clearance and low-rent housing. There can be no quarrel with the declared purpose: to wipe out the nation's "lung" blocks and Whisky Islands and give their occupants decent homes. Unfortunately, the federal government's slum-clearance policy cannot be judged solely on the virtue of this intention. There are other considerations, such as how many slum families will benefit and to what extent.

The key to the future of the slum-clearance and low-rent–housing program can be found in the record to date. In four years the housing division of the Public Works Administration spent or made commitments to spend approximately $134,000,000 on 51 projects in 36 cities and 2 of the country's insular possessions. These will house about 21,800 families.

The United States Housing Act of 1937, generally known as the Wagner-Steagall act, established the United States Housing Authority, "a body corporate of perpetual duration," authorized the transfer to it of all assets and equipment of the PWA housing division, and empowered it to invest $526,000,000 in "decent, safe and sanitary dwellings within the financial reach of families of low income." An amendment passed in the closing days of the last session of Congress raised the allotment to $826,000,000, all of which will be distributed within the next 2 years if Nathan Straus, head of the USHA, follows his present plans.

The housing act sets limits on the construction cost per dwelling unit which make it theoretically possible to house 160,000 families with the $826,000,000 at the USHA's command, although the number is likely to be smaller. Giving Administrator Straus the benefit of the doubt, by 1941 the federal government, through the PWA housing division and the United States Housing Authority, will have provided homes for 181,800 families at a cost of $960,000,000. That is assuming, of course, that no additional USHA funds will be voted in the meantime.

These are impressive figures, but to understand them fully it is necessary to look at them in relation to the announced objective: eradication of substandard living conditions among city dwellers of low income. The scope of this undertaking is not easy to estimate.

For one thing, housing officials are vague about the meaning of "low income." Although vast sums are being spent to house low-income families and those responsible are anything but inarticulate, no one in authority has gone on record as to just how high a low income can be. The outlines of the wage group in question are no clearer than the loose designation, "the lower third."

The United States Housing Act offers little help. It says:

> The term "families of low income" means families who are in the lowest income group and who cannot afford to pay enough to cause private enterprise in their locality or metropolitan area to build an adequate supply of decent, safe and sanitary dwellings for their use.

This statement is so broad that the government's ambitions must be measured in some other way.

The housing act specifies that no family admitted to a public housing project may have an income exceeding 5 times the rent, including the cost of such utilities as light and heat. There is one exception to this: a family with 3 or more minor dependents may have an income equal to 6 times the rent.

Application of this formula to Fairfield

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Court, an $884,000 government housing development in Stamford, Connecticut, should fix roughly the upper boundary of the income group that Washington wants to take under its wing, for the average monthly rent per room, utilities included, is probably the highest in the federal program — namely, $8.77. The largest apartments in the project have 5 rooms, and the most expensive of them rent for $38.90 a month. This includes charges for heat and electricity for light, cooking, and refrigeration.

Thus, under the last housing act, a family with 3 children could have an income of $233 a month (6 times $38.90), or $2,800 a year, and still be eligible for admission to this project built with public funds to raise from squalor those too poor to help themselves. Which is so obviously a miscarriage of the government's better intentions that it would be useless and unfair to take it as a criterion.

Fortunately for this purpose, 5-room apartments are not typical of Fairfield Court. Three-room units predominate and rent for $27 to $29.50 a month. It is improbable that a family with 3 children would be allowed to live in a 3-room apartment, so the income of the occupants could not amount to more than 5 times the rent. This would limit it to between $1,620 and $1,770 a year.

Splitting the difference, we have something like $1,700 a year as the top income of occupants of median apartments in a development with one of the highest rent schedules in existing government housing. It seems reasonable to take this as the upper limit of the income group that the government hopes to rehouse; but, to be safe, we'll round it off at $1,500.

Lithographs by Gan Kolski

II

In 1929, with the national income at its peak, there were 11,653,000 families in the United States with incomes of less than $1,500 a year, according to statistics published in 1934 by the Brookings Institution. The last official census showed that urban families accounted for about 60 per cent of the total. On that basis, in 1929 there were approximately 7,000,000 city families earning less than $1,500 a year.

If this figure were weighted to reflect the prevalence of low earnings in rural sections it might be smaller, but the reduction probably would be more than offset by the increase in the number of families in the lower income brackets since 1929. And the purpose of all this is to arrive at a fair estimate of the present size of what housing officials regard as the low-income class.

If the reasoning is correct so far, the federal slum-clearance program will not be complete until some 7,000,000 urban families have been rehoused. As has been shown, by 1941 the government will have rehoused 181,800, or about one thirty-eighth of the income group at which the program is aimed. The cost of rehousing 181,800 families will be $960,000,000, or $5,280 per family. At the same rate, the cost of rehousing 7,000,000 families would be close to $37,000,000,000, a sum almost past comprehension even in these days. It amounts to more than 4 times the federal expenditures for all purposes last year and it is well over half the total national income reported for 1936.

To forestall possible protest, it is conceded that the 7,000,000-family estimate may include some urban families with incomes of less than $1,500 who already are well housed, in either rented quarters or homes which they own, and consequently do not need government help. Although comfortable city dwellings renting for $25 or $30 a month are scarce and although concessions that should compensate for any exaggeration here already have been made, the

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7,000,000 figure will be stepped down without argument. A few billion dollars one way or the other make little difference.

In her treatise, *Slums and Blighted Areas in the United States*, published in 1935 by the PWA housing division, Dr. Edith Elmer Wood makes the carefully considered statement that there are 6,093,314 "nonfarm homes, rented and owned, or 26.6 per cent of all nonfarm homes whose tenure is known, which may be presumed to be obsolete or substandard." Here is a figure straight from the headquarters of the original government housing program. Multiply it by a cost of $5,280 per family, and the result is $32,000,000,000.

III

THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT does not have $32,000,000,000 to spend on housing — or anything else. If the spending of this staggering sum could be spread over a century, the money might possibly be raised; but that is too slow a solution. The people of the slums have waited overlong.

It might be argued that most of the government money going into housing is lent, not donated; that ultimately it will be repaid, and can be used again. That may be the theory of the United States Housing Act, but the permissible term of the loans is 60 years, and there is no provision for the money's re-use. At the same time, there is no certainty that the local housing authorities to whom the government is lending money will be able to pay it back.

This apparently is recognized in the section of the housing act providing for "annual contributions to public housing agencies to assist in achieving and maintaining the low-rent character of their housing projects." The act says:

> All such annual contributions shall be used first to apply toward any payment of interest or principal on any loan due to the [United States Housing] Authority from the public housing agency.

More important still:

> The faith of the United States is solemnly pledged to the payment of all annual contributions contracted for pursuant to this section, and there is hereby authorized to be appropriated in each fiscal year, out of any money in the Treasury not otherwise appropriated, the amounts necessary to provide for such payments.

Thus the USHA, which has obligations to meet in the form of bonds issued to raise housing funds, is not relying altogether on its debtors' promises to pay. It has the United States Treasury to fall back on should they default. Significantly, recent USHA loan contracts commit the government to annual contributions amounting to 3.75 per cent of the total cost of the projected housing. If the borrowers fall behind in their interest and principal payments, they will simply hand back the annual contributions, and the USHA will forget the matter. Otherwise the money will be used to plug the gap between rental income and operating expense, and it will be needed in many cases, because — thanks to the expensive nature of the housing — costs will be out of all proportion to the low rents charged.

As an alternative to annual contributions, the housing act offers capital grants up to 25 per cent of the cost of the projects. Both forms of aid are contingent on smaller contributions from the local units of government, usually in the form of tax exemption. This also is true of the loans, which can cover not more than 90 per cent of project cost.

Going back to the $32,000,000,000 estimate, it also could be argued that certain by-products of a vast public housing program would tend to lessen the overall cost and make the benefits practically universal. That must be granted, for elimination of slums certainly should reduce municipal expenditures for public-health

Courtesy of the Weyhe Gallery

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service and police and fire protection. And wholesale rehousing of slum dwellers would mean work for millions in the construction industry and related fields. Many other things can truthfully be said in favor of nationwide slum clearance, but they do not alter the simple fact that nationwide slum clearance by present methods calls for more money than is to be had, even through the sale of tax-exempt bonds.

IV

IT IS INCREDIBLE that this has not been clear to housing officials from the outset, that it was overlooked by the authors of the laws giving the federal government permission to help the ill-housed, by the architects and housing technicians who have been drawing the plans, and by the executives who have approved them. Evidence that this was not the case can be found in the defense used when projects built by the PWA housing division were criticized on grounds of cost. The almost invariable reply was that the PWA was constructing "demonstration" projects intended to show the difference between slum housing and good housing.

The very first project completed by the PWA did this and more. It demonstrated past dispute that the government was on the wrong track, that the difference between slum housing and what the PWA considered suitable housing was too great to be spanned with public money. The demonstration failed to convince PWA officials, however, for, by the time they stepped aside for the USHA, they had started 50 similar projects and completed 22, at an average cost of over $6,000 for each slum family rehoused.

Although cost restrictions in the United States Housing Act may rule out some of the most expensive refinements, they are elastic enough to allow housing constructed by the USHA to follow the general pattern of the PWA projects. The maximum cost per room is set at $1,000 in cities of less than 500,000 population and at $1,250 in larger cities; and corresponding limitations of $4,000 and $5,000 have been placed on the cost per family unit — which does not include the cost of land and nondwelling facilities such as sidewalks and community equipment.

Mild as these precautions are, they were fought tooth and nail by the agencies for social reform whose clamor and influence have shaped the Administration's housing theory. Many of these groups are local; a few are national. Some have been campaigning for years; others are products of the recently awakened interest in housing. But, local or national, new or old, in coalition they constitute a powerful lobby whose views have gained such wide credence that skepticism concerning them has come to be a mark of godlessness.

In the main, the housing reformers are sincere and tireless persons with a compassion for the slum dweller that springs from accurate knowledge of his degradation and misery. To a man, they angrily call on society to make amends to the underprivileged by giving them everything that has been and probably always would be out of their reach. However visionary some of the concepts of these enthusiasts may be, they deserve credit for stirring the public conscience to the point of action, albeit it may be misguided action.

A brief aside on one of the singular aspects of the government's slum-clearance policy: You have to prove financial responsibility in order to get into a low-rent housing project. To quote the USHA, "every tenant must have an income sufficient to pay rent and provide necessary living expenses." So, despite all the talk of the ill-housed one third, the poorest slum dwellers — those who need help worst — can expect none from the present government housing program.

This was illustrated nicely in the selection of tenants for Williamsburg Houses, a $13,459,000 project in Brooklyn, New York. Under the system used in culling a lucky 1,600 from 19,000 applicants, 7 times as much emphasis was placed on a steady income as on whether the applicant's health depended on his finding a better place to live. Money in the bank, life insurance, and neat living habits were other helpful qualifications.

This seems a startling contradiction of the aims of housing reform, but it is no more than a peculiarity of a policy so misconceived that it is bound to result in either an overwhelming addition to the public debt or the rehousing of a mere handful of slum dwellers.

V

IF THE FACTS ARE as they appear, two things must be done.

The first is to scale down the low-rent hous-

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ing program, confining it to a smaller population group. If the income limit were lowered from $1,500 to $1,000, the number of families to be rehoused would be cut in half, on the basis of the Brookings Institution's figures.

This would leave to private enterprise the responsibility of providing decent homes for families earning more than $1,000 a year. It is true that private enterprise has shown little interest or ingenuity in meeting the demand for dwellings renting for $20 to $30 a month, but this does not mean that the task is impossible. Experiments in the modernization of decrepit but structurally sound tenements on the lower east side of Manhattan indicate that if the work could be done on a large scale, say a block at a time, with inexpensive long-term financing, healthful and comfortable quarters in this rental bracket might be produced at a small profit.

While a $1,000 limit on income might shut out some deserving families, it would free more funds for those worse off and trim the government's task down to less impracticable proportions. At the same time, it would force a slash in public housing rents. Schedules now in force in big-city projects put the larger apartments out of prudent reach of families earning $80 a month.

Cutting rents means cutting costs — both initial costs and operating overhead. This can be done in only one way, and it must be done — not only to bring rents down but because the government cannot afford to build expensive housing for more than a fraction of the slum population. The situation calls for the scrapping of all illusions concerning the government's ability to rehouse the poor in the manner to which housing officials have become accustomed. It calls for deliberate downward revision of the standards set by the PWA, for acceptance of the fact that the government's job is not to give substance to a beautiful ideal but to move to a wholesome environment as many families as possible with the money available. Engaging as they are, the features that make for high cost must be discarded. This bars the expensive type of construction that provides natural cross-ventilation, the elaborate and costly community facilities, the acres of landscaping, and the smartly modern appointments of the dwelling units themselves. It does not mean, however, that construction must be makeshift, that the facilities which provide ordinary comfort and adequate light, air, and sanitation need be omitted.

Something like this may have been the intention of Congress when it passed the United States Housing Act, for the act specifies that the USHA is to give financial aid only to projects planned so that they "will not be of elaborate or expensive design or materials, and economy will be promoted both in construction and administration."

There was promise that this injunction might be heeded when, on February 3 of last year, Administrator Straus declared, "We want to rehouse as many slum dwellers as possible in decent and healthful homes, and not to rehouse a few favored families in ideal homes."

But between that time and November 4, 1938, the USHA contracted to lend $265,054,000 to 59 local authorities for the rehousing of 52,951 families. The average per family is slightly above $5,000. This figure is within the limit set by the United States Housing Act, but, if it is a reliable index to the USHA's aspirations, the science of low-rent housing in the United States is just about where the PWA housing division left it.

Private enterprise has demonstrated that housing well above minimum standards can be built for a great deal less than the cost of this sort of government housing, but neither government nor private enterprise has gone far enough. There is crying need of a genuine low-cost-housing technique. The government has the opportunity and facilities to develop one. So far it has been unable to dissociate housing and pump priming long enough to get this done, but someone must do it if slums are to be wiped out.

There is no dearth of ideas on the subject. Some persons see large outlying communities of cheap prefabricated houses as the solution. Others favor intensive development of urban land, using the skyscraper principle to keep ground cost low. It remains for the government, which asked for the assignment in the first place, to find the right way.

Many housing reformers would oppose these suggestions as callous. But are they more callous than the present policy of putting all the money into expensive housing for a few slum dwellers and letting the rest wait for something that may never come?

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Let the League Live

by J. C. SMUTS

Minister of Justice of the South African Union

TWENTY YEARS after the close of the World War, how does the question of world peace stand, and what are its prospects for the future? In view of our terrible experiences during the last few months there is no greater or more urgent question before the world today.

At the end of the last war it was universally felt that civilization might not stand another such shock and that the prevention of another world war should be the main aim and issue before the nations in future. To that end the League of Nations was founded as the best means that could then be devised, and the Covenant of the League of Nations was accepted and placed at the head of the peace treaty.

This later appeared to have been a grave mistake, as the League suffered from its inception because of its close association with the peace settlement. Some at least of the Allied powers were not above using the League for buttressing their own interests in the peace settlement. Moreover, many of the older statesmen did not at heart believe in the new principles embodied in the Covenant and still hankered after the old prewar system of alliances as a better means to peace and security. In this spirit they proceeded to use the League to keep Germany down and by means of the Little Entente they constructed a ring fence of allies round her.

This policy has had doubly disastrous effects. First, the League was weakened and then deserted by one after another of its members, until it could not properly discharge its peace functions. And now the alliance system has itself broken down, and the cordon round Germany has gone to pieces.

For this is the real inwardness of what has happened to Czechoslovakia. She has become the inevitable victim of the abortive alliance system established in distrust and infidelity to the League. One cannot help feeling profound pity for this little state, the best governed of all the new states in Europe; but it was her misfortune to become the spearhead of the policy of encirclement, and for that she has received cruel and unmerited punishment.

In forming a judgment, however, over recent events, it is necessary to consider them in their historical perspective and not as isolated incidents. It was the alliance policy which ruined the League and then itself broke down and brought Europe back to the alignments of the prewar era. With the League thus weakened and rendered ineffective and the encircling alliances proved abortive, with Europe once more divided into two camps very much on the old lines and with the old forces of 1914, the entire peace effort of the postwar period seems to have miscarried, and we have to start *de novo* in our quest for world peace.

Meanwhile, events have not stood still, and the position has become one of extreme danger and urgency.

The measure of that danger was shown by what took place in the Chamberlain-Hitler conversations. Herr Hitler made it clear that unless Czechoslovakia gave way he was determined on armed intervention, which meant in effect a general war — and this, ostensibly, for the comparatively minor object of bringing Sudeten Germans into the Reich.

Owing to the intervention of Mr. Chamberlain, at the last moment this calamity was averted, but the fact, the awful and stunning fact, remains that within twenty years of the end of the Great War and in spite of Kellogg pacts and other peace efforts, what might have amounted to another world war had been determined on in furtherance of national policy. Something considered almost unthinkable was going to happen and would have happened but for God's mercy. Bear in mind also that another world war would not be like any previous war. What we have hitherto called war would

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be trifling compared to the nameless horror that would take its place in future. And to meet this threat last September there was no regular peace procedure — nothing but brute force or abject surrender. Sir Edward Grey's stirring cry of July, 1914, for some machinery whereby statesmen could meet and discuss affairs before the final plunge, was again heard across the international chaos. Such was the position into which Europe had drifted within twenty years of the Armistice.

II

But the position is, however, not entirely hopeless. After all, Mr. Chamberlain did succeed in averting disaster last September, and this no statesman did or could do in July, 1914; and there has been special progress in one direction of very profound significance. There has been a far-reaching change in the temper of the nations and in their attitude toward war. Everywhere a pacific temper is growing beneath the surface.

This is the real advance since 1914. Then nations were keyed up to the war pitch, and the warlike temper among at least some of them probably did much to force the hands of their governments. On the other hand, in the grave crisis through which we passed last September, nothing was more remarkable, nothing in fact more significant, than the horror of war which suddenly showed itself in all directions and the intense and universal relief when the danger disappeared. The contrast with 1914 was complete, and the change is perhaps the greatest advance of all toward world peace during the postwar period.

There has also been advance in another important direction. The superior, almost contemptuous, attitude of the victorious nations toward the defeated nations in the years following the war has passed away. Nations, like individuals, value their honor and their status above all else, and peaceful relations among them as well as the rule of law can be possible only on a basis of equality and in an atmosphere of mutual respect and courtesy among them. Besides, whatever their political systems or their national ideologies, they should behave like good neighbors to each other. Tolerance and neighborliness should not be reserved for those of the same democratic faith or the same fascist faith or the same communist faith but should be extended in all courtesy to those who hold to an opposite faith. Difference of political outlook should not be allowed to interfere with decent and honorable relations.

The passing of the war spirit and the recognition once more of equality among the nations are great advances. Unfortunately there has been loss of ground in other directions.

In the chaos of recent years the resurgent nations have developed the habit of lawless action, of springing surprises on their opponents, of advancing by shock tactics, which cannot continue without grave peril to peace. Suspense and fear among other nations of what is going to be the next step, where the next blow is to fall, or who will be the next victim are producing dangerous reactions.

These lawless tactics are the tradition of the jungle and symptoms of the profound international disorder of the day. They must be stopped, or they will end in another explosion.

Then there is rearmament.

Rearmament in the first instance was justified as being necessary to secure equality among the nations and for that purpose was in a sense defensible. But, after this process had been completed and equality in status and armaments obtained, there should have been no reason for going further.

The new shock tactics, however, have started a universal arms race, as no nation feels safe in a world of incalculable surprises where danger lurks round every corner and self-defense takes the place of the rule of law. Everyone feels menaced, everyone arms in self-defense, and, especially among the great powers, a new race starts which can end only in bankruptcy or war — or, more likely, both.

The armed race is the price which Europe pays for her disorder. That price will continue to be paid with the toil and the welfare of her peoples until a stable European order has been achieved. The only way of escape from this universal bondage is a stable international order: not domination or hegemony by one nation or group but an ordered society of free and equal nations.

III

Let me confess that I am and remain a League of Nations man. Some say the League is dead, but I say this helpless infant was born to lead the world to peace. The machinery of

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the League is experimental and may fail, but its principles are rooted in what is best in human nature and experience; and in the end it must prevail.

What other alternatives are there before us? The alliance system has once more broken down. Will the axis system, already working so unequally between its partners, prove more lasting?

In the great crisis, the old diplomatic methods and even another experiment of personal mediation through Lord Runciman proved equally unavailing. In spite of all these methods and expedients, Europe was rapidly and surely drifting onto the rocks. What proved successful in the end in saving the peace was the personal intervention of the British Prime Minister, his personal contact with the German Chancellor, and finally the meeting of the four supreme European leaders at Munich.

But what an odd procedure had to be followed! As League machinery could not be used for the purpose of this contact between the leaders, the British Prime Minister had to invite himself to Herr Hitler's company, had to expose himself to severe and unnecessary public criticism and even to the possibility of humiliation. Besides, the extraordinary procedure produced world-wide excitement and almost hysteria.

If the League Covenant could have functioned in this case and the four leaders had met at Geneva or Munich in the ordinary League way, there would have been none of all this extraordinary accompaniment of public excitement. Mr. Chamberlain would have run no risk of criticism or worse, and peace would have been achieved through regularly recognized procedure without recourse to dangerous, unconventional methods.

Back to the League, to a reformed League, must therefore be our policy. The reform of the League is at present under consideration. A number of valuable suggestions were made at the last September meeting of the Assembly, especially in reference to Articles 11, 16, and 21 of the Covenant.

I doubt whether the League can ever function properly unless it secures the return of all, or most, of the great Powers to its membership. This membership was originally taken for granted, and subsequent experience has but enforced the importance of the point.

Some of the great powers have, however, left the League for reasons of aggression and have found aggression to pay. Will they voluntarily limit their freedom of action in future by return to the League unless membership in the League is also seen to pay?

The United States, again, whose absence from the League has been its most fatal source of weakness, is kept away by her tradition of isolation. I do not see why her special scruples and difficulties should not be met by a provision which would give her a special basis of membership or association. I consider her presence in the councils of the world so essential that every effort should be made to secure her effective co-operation.

With regard to the other great powers, League reform should be so conceived as to meet their objections to membership as far as possible consistently with the main objects and principles of the Covenant.

The Council of the League has grown too large and unwieldy for the efficient discharge of its duties. It was originally a small and select body, but gate crashing by ambitious minor powers has unduly extended its membership. In the interest of European peace its membership should be restricted and specially guarded.

I should also suggest that a standing committee of the great powers who are members should be a permanent part of League machinery. I see no reason for four-power pacts if the League constitution makes provision whereby those who bear the main responsibility for peace shall have a special voice in regard thereto. The great powers' committee might, among other functions, have an initiative in advising on alterations in existing conditions whose continuance may endanger the peace of the world. Developments during the last decade point to the advisability of clothing the great powers acting in concert with the League with special functions in League matters. Their joint advice might make all the difference between war and peace in the changing conditions of the modern world.

No alternative to the League as a mechanism for peace has yet been found. To scrap this existing machinery would be a most dreadful waste of human effort. Let us try no new experiments but improve on the old, which is perhaps the only permanent gain we have from the World War.

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The Artist's Point of View

The New Bauhaus American School of Design

THE OLD BAUHAUS of Dessau, Germany, "liquidated" by Hitler, welcomed to a fresh start in the U. S. A. by Chicago, now presents its philosophy of art and life in a revised edition of its early book (*The New Vision*, by L. Moholy-Nagy*) and in an exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art in New York City.

The Bauhaus (German: *to build house*) was probably the first art school in Europe in our time to draw in modern artists as teachers and leaders in applying a new understanding of design to life and things of use and to express and guide such applications with a new philosophy of art. This philosophy challenges our art habits by its call, in the words of Jerome Klein, for "a broad, unified social-artistic engineering which would transform man's environment for the benefit of man." Because of the wide publicity it has received, this school is now a definite influence here and abroad in deciding the aesthetic bent of a growing number of art students and in establishing a style for American manufacturers to adopt (or pirate).

The Bauhaus philosophy can be inadequately summarized in such fragmentary phrases as these: "Not the product but man and his organic function should be the end in view." "Organic design." "Basic identity of all arts and life." "Everyone is talented." "To keep alive in grown-ups the child's sincerity of emotion, his truth of observation, his fantasy, his creativeness." "To create objects which will satisfy human needs, spiritual as well as utilitarian." "Closest connection between art, science, and technology." "Total self-experience the core of the educational problem."

These goals command respect, are obviously healthy. How does the Bauhaus program achieve them?

It achieves them adequately and authentically within the somewhat narrow channel, stemming from cubism, which the Bauhaus has followed in practice; it achieves them inadequately in the vastly broader vista revealed by the modern movement as a whole and implied in the Bauhaus objectives.

In practice the Bauhaus teaches a design which projects logically out of cubist painting but which stays within the limits of that projection. It does not teach design in the full range of its vast keyboard as an organization of line, space, color, light-dark texture, and form in all their manifestations in a work of art in any medium for any purpose.

It starts with texture and the sensory experience of feeling different qualities of surface — smooth, rough, hard, soft, etc. It then turns to the character of materials — wood, stone, metal — and begins working these with hand and machine tools to learn their properties and unguessed possibilities. It deals with surface and surface treatment and actually brings the art of painting into the picture under this heading. Picasso is the first painter to be considered, because he dealt with geometric forms; the other cubists are considered for the variations of their treatment of surface. Line, space, and volume have their place in the study, but surface treatment is the key.

From this start with actual materials and paintings the study projects into the unbroken ground of experiment with the dynamics of light, volume, and volume movement — kinetics. A bewildering array of illustrations, from photos of elevator shafts, dirigible moorings, movie studios, auto races, factories, cat's fur, etc., etc., to all manner of constructions, abstract sculptures, stage sets, geometric forms, moving toys, etc., are shown as examples of space, form, and movement. So truly bewildering is this immense array that its only practical effect would seem to be a stretching of the mind to awareness of new horizons. There can be no objection to new horizons, but students are human and need a broad base of trained sensitiveness to all possible simple relationships before they can bring order into chaos.

The Bauhaus, a constructive, stimulating force, is blazing one path through the forest of design and popularizing that one way. The danger is that too many students will take the easy course of following that path instead of exploring other equally important ones or hewing their own.

* *Norton, $3.75.*

RALPH M. PEARSON

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A Page for Poets

Conducted by Henry Goddard Leach

Former President, Poetry Society of America

THIS WAS A POET, by George Frisbie Whicher (Scribner, $3.00). An Amherst scholar writes a completely objective life and criticism of the elusive genius of Amherst, Emily Dickinson. This is superior biography. The life pattern of the most unsentimental of nineteenth-century poets is revealed as "valor in the dark."

Here are forty-eight new books of verse. An average of one book of verse is published in the United States every day of the year. If any reader thinks this chronicle worth more than one page in THE FORUM, please write to the Editor.

A—POETRY OF PERMANENCE

THE OXFORD BOOK OF LIGHT VERSE, chosen by W. H. Auden (Oxford, $3.00). Tonic for the blues. The casual verse of the centuries chosen by a left-wing poet of today.

THE SELECTED POETRY OF ROBINSON JEFFERS (Random House, $3.50). Whatever is, is essentially clean and eternal, though it be as painful as scurvy or as contemptible as lichen. So it seems to a poet who has built his house on a crag that juts westward into Balboa's ocean.

B—POETRY OF DISTINCTION

RIDERS AT THE GATE, by Joseph Auslander (Macmillan, $1.75). Joseph Auslander drives his chariot upward.

POEMS, by Eileen Duggan (Macmillan, $1.50). Springing with the positive assertion of pure poetry.

DEAD RECKONING, by Kenneth Fearing (Random House, $1.25). Another American comrade for Auden and Spender.

AIR RAID, by Archibald MacLeish (Harcourt, Brace, $0.75). MacLeish again leads the way for modern uses of poetry.

M (*One Thousand Autobiographical Sonnets*), by Merrill Moore (Harcourt, Brace, $5.00). These are American, not Italian or British sonnets. Rhyme as you please; throw in all the racy, unstressed words you please! However, these poems are sonnets in more senses than challenge and answer; each keeps to fourteen lines and each line has five American beats. This young poet is also a keen physician and a competent athlete. There is not a single headache in all his gay and open pages of spontaneous but searching observation. Merrill Moore can be read at random as easily as can the more cheerful books of the Bible.

THE BEST POEMS OF 1938, selected by Thomas Moult (Harcourt, Brace, $2.00). This is the seventeenth issue of an annual selection from British and American periodicals, including many magazines devoted entirely to verse. These are not the best poems written by these poets in 1938, but they do record a high standard of professional excellence.

THE COLLECTED POEMS OF LAURA RIDING (Random House, $4.00). Serenity without rhyme.

IN DREAMS BEGIN RESPONSIBILITIES, by Delmore Schwartz (New Directions, $2.50). Auden and Spender on this side of the Atlantic.

KINGS AND THE MOON, by James Stephens (Macmillan, $1.60). Indelible etchings of the apparently unessential.

COLLECTED POEMS 1918–1938, by Genevieve Taggard (Harper, $2.50). She is the artist of normal life and mood, companionable alike for farmer, worker, scholar, or tourist. A calm, strong poet to lend a steadying hand.

COMPLETE COLLECTED POEMS 1906–1938, by William Carlos Williams (New Directions, $3.00). Dean of the American left wing, ironical but virile and usually understandable, staccato, terse, conversational, America today.

C—VERSE OF MERIT

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THE HIGH PLAINS, by Kenneth Porter (John Day, $2.00). A competent lyrical observer of the Kansas scene.

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STRANGE DIMENSION, by Florence Dickinson Stearns (Putnam, $2.00). Technical skill in the handling of any variety of lyrical themes.

OTHER TITLES

Bruce Humphries: The artistic typography and bindings of this Boston publisher of verse exhibit variety, appropriateness, and imagination. His volumes often contain verse of merit and even poetry of distinction. Here are eight new titles: THE CLOISTER, by Barbara Elizabeth Foley ($1.00); TWO NEW YORKERS, by Alfred Kreymborg (illustrated, $1.75); THE SINGER IN THE NIGHT, by Laura Winans McDaniel ($2.00); MYSTICAL POEMS OF NUPTIAL LOVE, by Coventry Patmore ($3.00); PIPE DREAMS, by David Ritchie ($1.00); THERE AND HERE, by Mary Farley Sanborn ($2.00); WINDS OF DESTINY, by Nora Sanford ($1.50); RHYMES AND THINGS, by Ralph J. Totten ($1.25).

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Honorable mention can be awarded to many of the following titles: SEVEN WHITE BIRDS, by Frances Alexander (Kaleidograph, $1.50); LYRICS IN BRIEF, collected by Tom Boggs (Powgen, $1.00); SHIPS THAT PASS, by Agnes Davenport Bond (Driftwind, $1.50); NEW ENGLAND DUSK, by Katharine Brown Burt (Poets, $2.00); DOCUMENTS AND DAINTIES II, by Albert Clements (MIMEOGRAPH, $1.00); GOLDEN FEATHER, by Frank Hartman and Annette Patton Cornell (Riverborough); SCATTERED LEAVES, by Pellegrino D'Acierno (Vigo); SUN IN MY SKY, by Alice Gertrude Field (Driftwind, $1.50); HARP IN THE MIDNIGHT, by Aletheia Garrison (Kelly, $2.00); THE HUMAN PATINA, by Grover I. Jacoby, Jr. (Hollycrofters); THE STORY OF A SOUL, by Theodore Marburg (Dorrance, $1.25); SINGING ARROWS, by Chapman J. Milling (Bostick & Thornley, $2.00); MANY ANGEL RIVER, by Virginia Scott Miner (Lantern); BRIGHT SPIRES, by Anna M. Priestley (Kaleidograph, $1.50); THRO' EASTERN EYES, by Nand Qomar (Popular Book Depot, 2s. 6d.); SEQUENCE ON VIOLENCE, by Harry Roskolenko (Signal, $1.50).

TRIBUTE TO BALLET, poems by John Masefield and pictures by Edward Seagoe (Macmillan, $7.50). Mr. Masefield and Mr. Seagoe have again joined forces, this time in a superbly printed and richly illustrated tribute to their fellow artists of the ballet.

One factor which makes the economic life of a poet possible is the prize market. Last year *Poetry:* a Magazine of Verse, distributed seven prizes totaling $650.

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TOASTS

S. K. PADOVER is a research scholar, historian, and teacher whose special field is German history. He is coauthor of *Secret Diplomacy: A Record of Espionage and Double Dealing* and several biographies.

The **ANONYMOUS** author of "What a Suicide Leaves Behind" is unwilling to have us identify her more specifically and wishes only to affirm that her story is genuine and not the product of a writer's imagination.

B. T. REYNOLDS is an ex-major in the British army who was in business in Germany until Hitler came to power. He is the author of *Prelude to Hitler* and is military correspondent to the *Manchester Guardian*.

ADELAIDE LOVE, a Chicagoan and previous contributor to THE FORUM, has published several volumes of poetry.

RAYMOND CLAPPER is Washington correspondent and political columnist of the Scripps-Howard newspapers. He commenced his good-tempered crusade against ghost writing in his dispatches about last election time.

J. GEORGE FREDERICK, an old FORUM contributor, is a business economist and writer on economic and industrial problems.

LETA CLEWS is a New Yorker who studied the drama and play writing at Bryn Mawr and at Columbia University.

ANDERSON M. SCRUGGS lives in Atlanta, Georgia, and is the author of a book of poems entitled *Glory of Earth*.

H. L. SMITH became a FORUM author in November, 1937, with another article on journalism, entitled "The News Camera on Trial."

MARY BISHOP has been an executive in several social-service enterprises, held two or three business positions, and written for a number of magazines. She is married and has one child.

RICHARD OLESON is the pen name of a well-known writer who wishes to avoid any chance that the individual who is the subject of his article might be identified.

RUTH GORDON, whose distinguished stage career will be familiar to many readers, was born in Wollaston, Massachusetts, the source of the recollections she recounts in this issue.

ROBERT F. MARSHALL informs us he has been printer's devil, reporter, researcher, publicity man, advertising copy writer, advertising manager, and trade-paper editor. He is now Managing Editor of the *Real Estate Record*.

J. C. SMUTS, the present Minister of Justice of the Union of South Africa, was a leading figure among the statesmen of the "lesser powers" at the Versailles conference. In that capacity he was an early, ardent, and influential advocate of the League of Nations, a position he has never relinquished.

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MOUSSORGSKY: PICTURES AT AN EXHIBITION. Eugene Ormandy & Philadelphia Orchestra (Victor M, AM 442; 4 records, $8.00).

For some time attempts have been made to record musical satires. If the efforts have proved unsuccessful, it is mostly because no one thought of engaging Alec Templeton to record his musical impressions, satires, and improvisations until the Gramophone Shop took the initiative a few weeks ago. Now, however, Templeton may be heard on discs; and satire in one of its highest forms is available for recurrent consumption.

Already familiar to frequenters of Radio City's Rainbow Room and to the audiences of several radio broadcasts, Templeton has recorded eight of his incomparable treats, including impressions of old-fashioned opera, Wagnerian opera, two German *lieder* singers, a trip through a music conservatory, and an amateur performance of *Pinafore* — together with improvisations on "The Music Goes 'Round," "The Lost Chord," and five varied melodies.

In these records (expertly recorded by Musicraft), Templeton revives the incredible art of improvisation so dextrously practiced by Bach, Mozart, Handel and others, and exposes the vagaries of style and mannerism in composers and interpreters of the past. Though the impressions are grossly humorous, a trenchant criticism, conveyed through exaggeration of idiosyncrasies, dominates the scene, thereby achieving the ideal compound for satire.

Only frozen turnips and those bereft of a sense of humor can resist these hilarious travesties that belong in every collection.

Humor of a different sort abides in Shostakovitch's ballet, "Age of Gold," that comprises, together with Mossolov's "Steel Foundry" and Meitus' "Dnieprostroi," the Russian modern music album. Shostakovitch's humor is more earthy and rowdy and, to ears which can take it, positively compelling. Mossolov's and Meitus' music, I fear, is too much for me. All three profit from authoritative performances and spacious recording.

For the devotees of old music played by the instruments for which it was composed, Columbia's three sets of Bach clavier and gamba sonatas, of which the D Major is the second, should satisfy a vital need. Mr. Scholz uses a gamba made by Steiner in 1669, and Mr. Wolff uses the Mändler-Schramm harpsichord. The tone of the gamba has a warm quality, especially in Mr. Scholz's hands. Of Mr. Wolff's performance I am less fond. Nevertheless, the musicianship of the two produces excellent ensemble; and the mechanics of the recording compensate for Mr. Wolff's routine performance.

Timely issued the Mozart sonata for two pianos last spring in a splendid performance by Grace Castagnetta and Milton Kaye. The Wiener-Doucet version, recorded abroad a year ago, has just reached these shores. Despite its apparent merits, the Wiener-Doucet performance lacks the precision and verve of the Castagnetta-Kaye set, and the Columbia recording is too languorous compared with the crackling brilliance and sonority of the Timely release. However, it is a case of how one likes one's Mozart.

Schubert is something altogether different! A romantic conception is wholly in character where his music is being performed. Consequently, both the lyrical, lush interpretation of Feuermann and the sublimely poetic reading of Appelbaum are unreservedly welcome. Feuermann, in the "Arpeggione" Sonata, continues the laudable set of records he is making under the Columbia label, while manifesting the absurdity of the Cassadó cello-orchestral version it replaces in Columbia's catalogue.

Appelbaum is the latest of Musicraft's outstanding finds. A refugee from Nazi barbarism, he now makes his home in New York and contends for a place among the foremost interpretative artists, which is where he rightfully belongs. Equipped with technical mastery, he is a thoroughly inspiring re-creative spirit. He

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The Record Review

performs the beautiful Opus 78 Sonata with deep feeling, intense passion (especially in the development section of the first movement), and vivid imagination. Schubert's poetry is realized in its fullest sense. The range of dynamics and quality of piano tone in these records are unique.

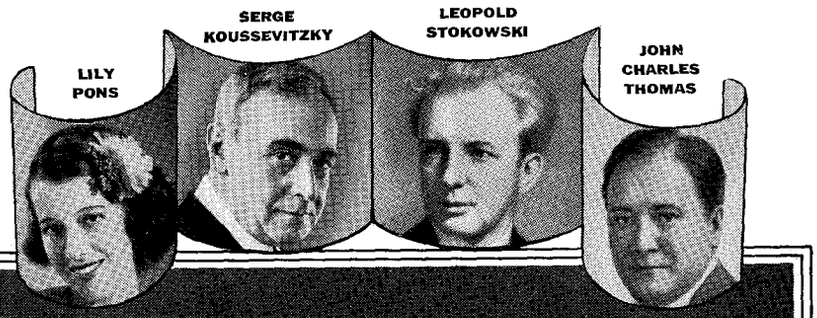
ANOTHER Musicraft set is the Buxtehude Missa Brevis, which indicates that there was polyphonic magnificence before Bach. Here in this mass, impressively sung by the Motet Singers under Paul Boepple, Buxtehude's commanding musical personality stands forth. A master of the polyphonic style, Buxtehude seems to express without unnecessary flourish the essential qualities of Lutheran liturgy. The Mass consists of the Kyrie and Gloria (including the Qui Tollis). This set is a *must* for partisans of old music.

VICTOR ought to label its M 508 "Tristan and Isolde — Symphonic Synthesis by Leopold Stokowski." This is not intended as a censure of the set. Rather is it an apology to Wagnerian fanatics. The orthodox will rant and fume at this Stokowskian blasphemy. But for a succinct, coherent digest of *Tristan*, with all its basic emotional and erotic peaks, the Stokowski synthesis, consisting of the Prelude, music from Act II, and the Liebestod, climaxed by the cataclysmic coda to Act II, has its plausibility. One thing is certain: the orchestral resplendence and the high fidelity of the recording render other considerations trivial.

MELCHIOR sings music from Acts II and III of *Parsifal* and the *Abschied* from *Lohengrin*. Why Flagstad and Melchior have not been recruited for complete recorded performances of the Wagner operas is beyond me. Surely the success of these Melchior discs, the triumphs of Flagstad, the popularity of Wagner (notwithstanding my own anti-Wagnerian bias), and the publicity connected with any Melchior-Flagstad-Wagner venture ought to be guiding factors. Anyway, these excerpts are glowingly recorded, making the music sound, as the saying goes, "much better than it is."

I CANNOT see any reason for duplicating the fine Koussevitzky recording of the Moussorgsky Pictures orchestrated by Ravel. The orchestration here is by Lucien Caillet, of the Philadelphia Orchestra, and cannot compare with Ravel's. Ravel made the ideal orchestration, and Caillet's, for all its splendor, just has to be second best. It is unfortunate, for he is able. However, his version profits from an extremely brilliant performance and up-to-date recording technique.

ARTHUR WALLACE HEPNER



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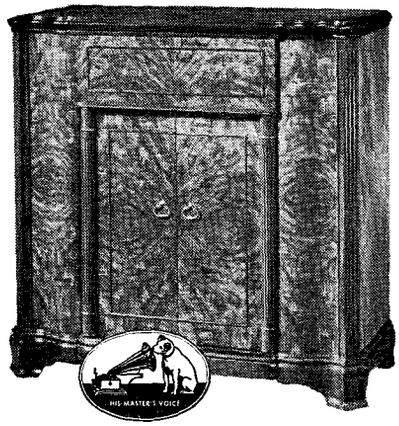

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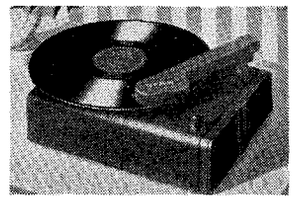

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What does the European crisis mean to us in America? How should we meet the challenge to our democracy?

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Over a hundred photographs, drawings, charts, maps and a special two-page Low cartoon supplement the text.

The caliber of the contributors to this issue suggests the high standard of articles which appear in every issue of *Survey Graphic*, the magazine David Cushman Coyle calls "the only authentic and readable current source of American social facts:" John Whittaker, Arthur Feiler, M. W. Fodor, Marvin Lowenthal, Edgar Ansel Mowrer, William E. Rappard, Dorothy Thompson, Dorothy Canfield, W. A. Neilson, Archibald MacLeish, Lewis Gannett, Alvin Johnson, Bertrand Russell, W. L. White, George M. Shuster, Everett Clinchy, Felix Frankfurter, Thomas Mann, Hendrik Willem Van Loon and others.

INTRODUCTORY OFFER

Single copies of the February issue (not generally available on newsstands) sell for 50c. The annual subscription price of *Survey Graphic* is $3. For the next five issues — and the February number free — mail only $1 with the coupon below — *today!*

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Forum Quiz Answers

1. (a) *omit mention of the fact in news columns.*
2. *Either* (a) *or* (d) *is correct. You have our sympathy.*
3. (b) *drive into Rumania and the Ukraine.*
4. (a) *jump over a rock or stump.*
5. (d) *"Sir Patrick Spens." He drowned.*
6. (a) *silverware. Beautiful and costly.*
7. (b) *the Duke of Kent's becoming Australia's Governor General.*
8. (c) *Grange. 800,000 members; founded after the Civil War.*
9. (d) *Rockwell Kent.*
10. (a) *John Kane. Died not long ago.*
11. (b) *Rachel Field.*
12. (b) *Leonardo da Vinci. Even studied flying machine.*
13. (b) *Richard E. Byrd.*
14. (c) *"Eve of St. Agnes," by Keats.*
15. (a) *Shakespeare. Sonnet number 73 and our favorite.*
16. (b) *construction of divided-lane highways.*
17. (c) *What art can wash her guilt away? Appears in "The Vicar of Wakefield." The rest of poem reads:*
    "The only art her guilt to cover,
    To hide her shame from every eye,
    To give repentance to her lover,
    And wring his bosom — is to die."
18. (a) *racial problems and discrediting the Jews.*
19. (a) *increasing his World War–document collection. At Leland Stanford.*
20. (b) *a pause in a line of verse.*
21. (b) *levying on land only, regardless of improvement.*
22. (a) *in an intermediate state, neither heaven nor hell.*
23. (b) *boasting.*
24. (b) *Machiavellian.*
25. (b) *Thoreau's "Walden."*
26. (b) *"I didn't know you read Swift." Houyhnhnms were the pleasant horselike people in "Gulliver's Travels."*
27. (c) *"Yes — it's my favorite dish." An English dish, not exactly a gourmet's choice, consisting of cold meat fried with chopped vegetables.*
28. (b) *Evil to him who evil thinks.*
29. (c) *Hugh Wilson.*
30. (c) *California Sequoias. But we will give you one point for* (a). *There's no real proof.*
31. (b) *Scotsmen, rolling "stones" on smooth ice.*
32. (a) *wierd. Should be "weird."*
33. (a) *"A lentil, Claude, is a legume."*
34. (a) *"The first day of Lent, Claude."*
35. (c) *Compton. Karl is President of M.I.T.; Mary runs a missionary school in India; Wilson is an economist and lawyer; and Arthur is a Nobel Prize winning physicist.*
36. (b) *better rely on fresh vegetables, milk, etc.*
37. (d) *merciful killing. Of the hopelessly diseased, imbeciles, others.*
38. (c) *foods.*
39. (b) *32,000. Estimate at press time.*
40. (a) *"Pilgrim's Progress," by Bunyan.*

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INDEX

The index to Volume 100 of The FORUM and *Century* is now ready. Copies will be sent to subscribers, *upon request only*, without charge.

A postcard will suffice

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570 LEXINGTON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

Travel Briefs

***by* HARRY J. PRICE**

WHAT IS the real interest in travel?

This is a perennial question, and our reply has always been: the unknown — the unknown in people, places, things but principally in people, their customs and their speech.

If you are doubtful, we heartily recommend to you one of the freshest of travel books to come before us in recent years — Rosita Forbes's *These Are Real People.** For weaving a magic carpet of travel thrills that covers the seven seas this lady of literary and travel fame deserves a special vote of thanks and for reminding us that it is we — the people — around whom life revolves, even in travel. Absorbingly written, more a biography than a travel book, *These Are Real People* will incite men to leave home and wives to follow them — or vice versa.

* * *

FOR INSTANCE . . .

There's a bewildering variety of human types among the tribes of New Guinea. (This is not from Miss Forbes's book.) Manners and customs differ from village to village. Each tribe speaks its own language. One tribe's word for "holy ghost," for instance, is elsewhere interpreted as "sweet potato."

Then again, close to Port Darwin, Australia, can be seen an encampment of aborigines whom scientists consider the least developed members of the human race and the nearest approximation of mankind to the monkey.

* * *

Did you know that long before America was discovered there was a Coney Island in Ireland? It was in Lough Neagh. It now lies between 42nd and 47th streets in Times Square, New York City!

* * *

REMINDER . . .

Talking about Ireland — don't forget that spring is just around the corner: Paris in the spring, you remember, and oh to be in England now that April's here, etc. If you travel the right way, a visit to the rock of Cashel (via Cobh), in a sense similar to the Acropolis at Athens, is in order. The Round Tower, sculptured crosses, Cormac's Chapel of the twelfth century, the cathedral (half church, half

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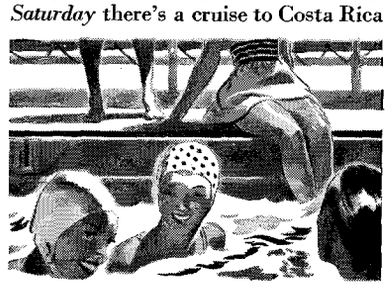
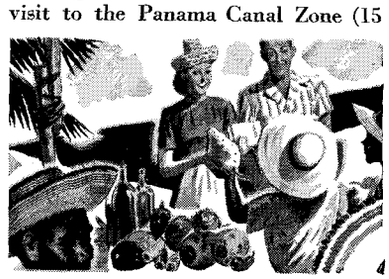


with 2 calls at Havana, and a visit to the Panama Canal Zone (15 Days, $210 up) . . . *Every Wednesday* a cruise to Puerto Colombia (Barranquilla) and Cartagena, Colombia, S. A., with 2 calls at Kingston, Jamaica, B. W. I. and a visit to the Panama Canal Zone (15



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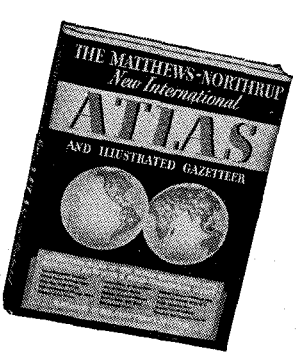

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Travel

fortress) built by an O'Brien king in the fifteenth century are on view at Cashel.

It was here, at the seat of the kings of Munster, that St. Patrick used the Shamrock to illustrate how God may be One and Three.

* * *

Fifteen men on a dead man's chest have nothing on the giant baobab trees of Majunga, Madagascar. They're so large that it would take fifteen men with outstretched arms to encircle one of them.

* * *

How QUAINT . . .

A deck of cards believed to have been used to teach geography to children in Queen Elizabeth's time has been added to the collection of the British Museum. Designed in 1590, the cards are hand-colored and represent the counties of England, based on Christopher Saxton's atlas of 1579.

One of the cards bears a portrait of Queen Elizabeth, with the following verses:

This Mayden queene like Debora doth raign.
She by hir wisdom and hir constant zeale:
In peace and plentie doth gods worde maintaine,
Would god I could hir vertues all reveale.
Twise sixteene years ye scepter in hir hand
No traitors could, nor forraine foes wrest out:
Great warres abrode, yet god defends hir land.
Lord, let thy angells compasse hir aboute.

* * *

How did the term "Spanish Main" come into popular usage? Well, Spain's New World empire once encompassed much of Central and South America, and these regions were called the Spanish Main, "Main" being a contraction of "mainland." Later the phrase was used to designate the Caribbean waters by which one approached these lands; but this usage, the dictionary solemnly warns us, is erroneous.

Coming soon:

Special

World's Fair

Travel Section

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OUR ROSTRUM

These columns are open to brief letters commenting upon any article or subject that has appeared in THE FORUM. *Because of space limitations, the Editor must reserve the right to publish letters only in part.*

THE ISSUE

To the Editor:

I have read your editorial in the November issue, entitled "Whither Refugees?" and I regret that a person of your culture and intelligence will uphold the "Jews."

First of all are you familiar with the tactics of the average Jew? Well, I am, I work with one, and of all the contemptible, cheap, selfish, greedy and mercenary individuals in the world, this person carries away all the honors.

The Jew, is first, last and always for the Jew, he trades, and marries, only within Jews, he hates to see a Gentile progress, and would rather walk or drive 100 miles to give another Jew his business, than patronize his next door Gentile neighbor.

The exceptions are so insignificant that not even a C. P. A. could strike a proportionate percentage. I speak from experience and it would be a great advantage to you, if you went out and lived amongst them for a while, before you wrote another editorial in their behalf.

No, there is no more room for them in the United States. As it is now they own everything that there is a dollar in it, Radio, movies, chain stores of every description, banks, stock market, clothing industry, and of all disgusting and annoying enterprises, "ENTERTAINMENT" a person can no longer enjoy the Radio programs without listening to a Jew.

This must eventually come to an end, the average American realizes that the Jew is taking away his job, his home, his car, his furniture, because all Finance Companies are owned or controlled by Jews, and the average American can only purchase these items on the deferred payment basis, hence more hard earned American dollars in the pockets of the Jew.

Think this over Mr. Leach, and don't be too generous in your Editorials, let's keep America for the Americans.

CHARLES AUCHTER

Rochester, N. Y.

Mr. Auchter repeats the commonest accusations of anti-Semites. Like anti-Catholicism, antialienism, and other phobias, anti-Semitism in this country has waxed and waned at various times, and the belief seems well founded that at present it is waxing. But political anti-Semitism, graduated from the class of merely personal animosity (which it is surely the individual's privilege to cherish if he wants to), raises new conflicts and threatens to spread the disease to

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ASIA The Magazine of the Orient

In the February ASIA are the following articles:

THE AMERICAS AND THE NEW PACIFIC
by Eliot Janeway

This realistic article proposes a new American policy for a new Pacific.

HAVE YOU SEEN JAWAHARLAL?
by John Gunther

John Gunther calls Nehru, the Indian leader, "the finest character in public life I have ever met."

WHAT INDIA CAN TEACH US
by C. G. Jung

Western readers will find in these comments by the famous psychologist a new point of view toward India, and toward themselves.

LOOK AT MANCHOUKUO
by Kurt Bloch

An economist tells of conditions in Manchoukuo, from the investor's point of view.

THE CITADEL OF VAN
by Kirsopp and Silva Lake

A first report of archeological research in Anatolia, as absorbing as a detective tale. Illustrated.

MALAYSIA UNDER THREE FLAGS
by Wilbur Burton

Illuminating contrasts of British, Dutch and American rule over vast Pacific islands.

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by Marc T. Greene

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Our Rostrum

quarters where it has never before occurred to anyone to question the rightness of a Jew's living on the same basis as any other human being. How this happens, why it happens, and what it means in terms of the American civilization we are so fond of referring to in trite superlatives will be the subject of several articles in THE FORUM *by Struthers Burt. The first of these attempts to shed light on this dark side of the national mind will appear in the March or April issue.*

DO THE NAZIS MENACE US?

To the Editor:

Mr. [S. K.] Padover's revealing article ["'Unser Amerika,'" January FORUM] is valuable for its documentation as well as for its theme. The average American is good-natured, easy-going, and ready to give the next man the benefit of the doubt. Therefore, he is prone to react sceptically to sensational charges unless they are well substantiated.

"Unser Amerika" makes it clear that we have within our body politic a corrosive poison which, if permitted to grow, can become a devastating plague here as it has become elsewhere. The brazenness of Nazi methods is equalled only by its diabolical ingenuity.

It is time that our Democracy should adopt a policy of vigilant self-defense. The tolerance upon which we pride ourselves is being exploited by our foes to our hurt. Are these anti-American forces to be permitted to proceed with impunity? Now that they are identified, and their program is defined, and their aim is clear, it is high time that the legislative and executive arms of the American government should deal with the menace.

DR. ISRAEL GOLDSTEIN

Congregation B'nai Jeshurun
New York, N. Y.

To the Editor:

The article by S. K. Padover is an excellently documented analysis of the Nazi madness as it directs its eyes towards America. There is no question but that a religion of "race and blood" must logically arrive at the very conclusion which Mr. Padover records. There is also no question that the slightest realization of their ideal for America would make a hell of this country, an even worse hell than Germany now is.

Fortunately the Nazi influence is at present confined to a small body of recent immigrants. The older immigration is too attached either to the liberal ideals of a Carl Schurz, who left Germany in protest against a fatherland much less tyrannical than the present Germany; or to religious traditions to allow them to accept the Nazi form of primitivism.

Furthermore the recent excesses in Germany have had the effect of destroying what confused sympathy still existed in many German-American circles. Some German-Americans thought that it was necessary to defend Hitler in order to express their loyalty to the land of their fathers. They are beginning to realize that sympathy for the incredible tyranny of modern Germany is disloyalty to the land of their fathers. As a German-American who despises the present regime in Germany I have less fear of its encroachments here than I have ever had before.

R. NIEBUHR

New York, N. Y.

THE PSYCHIC SIDE

To the Editor:

Sir Auckland Geddes ["Psychic Factors in Health," January FORUM] is right in impressing the importance of developing an appreciation of the psychic factors to be considered in the treatment of those who place themselves in charge of members of the medical profession. Sooner or later many physicians develop a very keen understanding of the psychology of their patients. Undoubtedly much of the effectiveness of the old family doctor came not only because he knew the physical peculiarities of his patients but because of his understanding of their mental reactions.

It seems almost impossible to devise any method for the training of physicians in this field of psychological reactions. I believe that it is inevitable that the members of the profession will divide up their responsibilities in accordance with their capacities to understand what can be called the mental, spiritual or psychical approach. Some surgeons will never be able to go beyond the mechanism of the human body. I am deeply mystified, as is Sir Auckland, on this whole question of the soul, the spirit and the mind. I sense, as he does, certain Biological foundations that go way back into our history as living beings. I am not inclined to view telepathy as such as proven. Flock flying of birds, mob hysterias and the influence of the voice of a Hitler or a Melba show how much we have yet to understand in the field of communications between living organisms.

One who has comforted nervous patients hundreds of times about their worries as to what has happened to their friends or relations at a distance, when nothing has happened, cannot weigh too heavily an occasional coincidence that seems remarkable.

That confidence is as catching as concern is known to every family doctor who can leave comfort or confusion behind him by what he says or does or does not do.

It is intriguing to use our senses and our knowledge of science in so far as it goes in trying to understand the mysteries of life, but it is clear that for each the reaction is apt to be different. Man as a spirit cannot be standardized or measured but he can be appreciated and every wise physician knows the silent values that form the background of life and upon which man must rest even though they are vague and ill defined.

RAY LYMAN WILBUR

Office of the President
Stanford University
Stanford University, Calif.

ANOTHER SIDE

To the Editor:

I have your letter asking for my reaction to Mr. [George B.] Anderson's article, "The 'Mentalist' Rackets [December FORUM]. Of course it is important to expose every kind of fraud, and it is unfortunately true that any new discovery is always taken up by rascals. But all the exposures of all the frauds in the world do not alter the fact that there are real psychic phenomena, done without fraud. My wife and I were tired of not knowing whether or not we were being fooled, so we decided to try it for ourselves, and by hundreds of experiments in which there was no possibility of fraud, we proved the reality of telepathy and clairvoyance. I have told about this in my book, "Mental Radio."

Subsequently to the publication of that book the late William McDougall went with me and my wife to make a test of Arthur Ford. I prepared five letters, each from a well-known person who had died, and I sealed them tightly in absolutely opaque envelopes. We three sat within a couple of feet of Arthur Ford in bright afternoon sunshine. Ford at once named Jack London and said I had a letter from him with me — although I had given no hint of having any letters. Ford took the letters and held them in his hands and they were never out of our sight for an instant. When I took them back they were as tightly sealed as ever. But Ford told me vital important facts about the contents of four of those letters and the writers thereof — Jack London, Arthur Conan Doyle, Georg Brandes, Eugene V. Debs — a sufficiently unlikely assortment.

Incidentally, Ford told my wife little details about her childhood. He called for "Sister Phoebe," a name I had never heard. My wife's father had called her that for a short while when she was a tiny girl. (Her name is Mary Craig.) Any magician who can tell how that was done will interest me greatly. William McDougall, who was a careful investigator and had exposed many frauds, said that Ford's phenomena were undoubtedly super-normal, and he said the same about experiments which he tried with my wife.

UPTON SINCLAIR

Pasadena, Calif.

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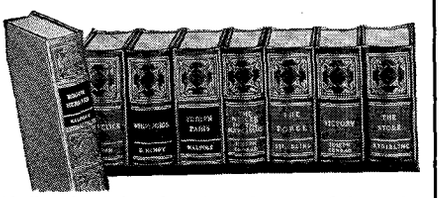

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THE ROMANCE OF HUMAN PROGRESS — Arthur Stanley Riggs (Bobbs-Merrill, $5.00).

WHAT TO LISTEN FOR IN MUSIC — Aaron Copland (Whittelsey, $2.50).

WITHOUT PENALTY TO CAPITAL OR LABOR — Owen Taylor (Owen Taylor Associates, $3.00).

As political crises change from goose step to double-quick, books grow briefer, more emphatic. This month brings pamphlets or pamphlet-sized books by a housewife, a novelist, a critic, and an editor all saying their American say about Hitler, Mussolini, or those members of the French and British governments who aid and abet the aggressor nations.

Most stirring of the four — a magnificent call to action in the tradition of Tom Paine or the abolitionists — is *Men Must Act*, by Lewis Mumford. Looking at what has happened to culture in Italy, Germany, and the invaded parts of Spain, Mr. Mumford forecasts what may happen in this country if we do not provide our democracy with new impetus and decisive means of self-defense. He looks also at the cultural apathy in England and France, where conservative leaders have pulled appeasement rabbits out of their silk hats, and warns us that the same sleight-of-hand tricks will be tried at our expense.

He is not, however, just a muckraker of the Munich boys. He knows what he thinks should be done and outlines a strategy with almost military precision. As a consistent lover of liberty and beauty he feels we can no longer daydream about our own comfortable isolation. Fascist barbarism, the imminent alternative to democracy, comes daily closer unless we accept a policy of absolute non-intercourse with Germany, Italy, and Japan. Perhaps you have heard this before. You have never heard it said with such irresistible sincerity.

Until the Czechoslovakian crisis, Louis Bromfield lived a productive novelist's life in France. Then Hitler's threats and the connivances of Mr. Chamberlain left him no haven in Europe as either artist or man of good will. Now, in temporarily safer Ohio, he has written a booklet of protest, *England, A Dying Oligarchy*. The British Empire, he believes, is being pushed into a back seat by Germany and Italy, as a result of the prevailing hypocrisy and incompetence typefied in the Man with the Umbrella. This he regrets, with pungent emphasis, because of his desire to see England, France, and America united in defense of civilization.

More deliberate and dispassionate in tone is *When There Is No Peace*, by Hamilton Fish Armstrong, a careful and beautifully organized summation of the nine worst months Europe has spent since 1918. All the scurrying and worrying of diplomats which built up to the Munich letdown, the bluffing and being bluffed, are traced in pages amazingly packed with information, brief though they are.

No easy believer in the black-or-white school of history, Mr. Armstrong finds many subtle shadings in the temperaments and finaglings of Daladier, Chamberlain, and the Czech statesmen who capitulated to Hitler. Although he sketches the basic forces in opposition, his chief concern is with the varied pattern of the armed struggle he fears and all but prophesies. He has sober misgivings about Chamberlain's claim of achieving "peace for our time"; and he indicates that, whatever else that gentleman may be, he is not so foolish as to believe his own words. Here in one evening's reading time is presented the curious and terrifying spectacle of the way little wars are weeded out so that the big one can grow unhampered.

Address Unknown, by Kressman Taylor, is a short story so cogent in form and content that it had inevitably to be published in a book edition after its first appearance in *Story Magazine*. Told as a series of letters between two Germans, one of them Jewish, it works up to a climax that comes off like a percussion cap. We read it twice through at a sitting. Mrs. Taylor wrote her story not from any

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pamphleteering urge but because she had hit on one human situation that spotlights the whole mad business of anti-Semitism and that is so universal in its appeal as to have taken on already a sort of legendary significance.

THE most flourishing art these days seems to be photography; and it is a pleasant bit of irony that this highly mechanized activity of man now reveals new delights in nature. For people who could never find time to watch the dragon fly's larva pull its clumsy structure up a twig and slowly emerge a fragile flying thing, the cameraman does patient service. The city dweller who never saw a newborn elk or the stubborn architecture of a cactus tree, inlanders who have only read of molluscs in colonies or the immobile sea anemone that devours agile fish — these will treasure the photographs Gordon Aymar has collected for *This Is Living*. Even the more familiar pictures give one the sense of having discovered something of nature for the first time. Although a few of the rare shots are the sort that make you catch your breath at the sheer luck of the thing, most of them are tribute to the craftsman's persistence and skill. Arranged finally to give continuity of theme and surrounded by Donald Culross Peattie's imaginative commentary, they form one of the most striking photography books ever made.

IN the last five years thousands of American youngsters became addicted to a drug called marijuana. They buy it in cigarettes made from the hemp plant, and smoke it because of the delirious feeling of happiness it produces. Because it sometimes also makes them commit violent crimes, their elders are tardily but now generally wondering what can be done.

Although Robert P. Walton offers no solution in his book *Marihuana*, he has assembled a marvelously complete set of necessary facts about the stuff. He traces its history from ancient times, reprints scientific and literary descriptions of its effects, explores the medical and psychiatric aspects of the problem, and even appends a list of the names by which the drug is known all over the world. No more in the way of valuable informative material could be asked. It should be of great use to those parents, teachers, public officials who can set about remedying the evil, and also to the average citizen who can back them up.

As for reasons why the marijuana habit has spread so swiftly among young people, Mr. Walton gives only a brief comment but one that is more disturbing than the actual pictures of the drug in action. Idle and depressed people, he points out, have always been its chief users. The busy Kentucky pioneers grew hemp without

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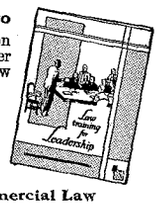

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The Book Forum

ever taking it as dope. At a time when frontiers seem closed to them, it is not surprising to find boys and girls listening to the peddlers' whisper, "Hey, kid, want to be happy?" Apparently marijuana must ultimately be considered not from the angle of crime alone. It's all very well to swat the mosquito that carries fever, but you have to get rid of the swamp.

A GENTLE little primer" is what Earnest Albert Hooton calls his *Crime and the Man*. So be it. In four hundred belligerent pages he sums up twelve years' research into one of the most controversial questions an anthropologist could tackle — the relation between man's body structure and his antisocial behavior. Are tall, thin people given to one sort of criminal act, and short, fat people to another? After an examination of 17,680 convicts' measurements, Mr. Hooton says, with qualifications, that the answer is yes. Although he admits that, properly provoked, anyone might commit murder, he declares that "the primary cause of crime is biological inferiority."

As background for all the spot-news books about affairs to the south of us, you couldn't ask a more comprehensive short history than *Latin America*, by F. A. Kirkpatrick. To cover "two empires for three centuries and twenty states for a century and a quarter" is a prodigious order, which Mr. Kirkpatrick has filled nobly and in remarkable detail. Every major event, from Columbus to the Buenos Aires peace conference in 1936, falls into place. As an Englishman, the author surveys Yankee imperialism with detachment and justice. As a scholar, he delivers himself from the temptation to prophesy by ending his book before the time when German and Italian imperialist schemes became documented. He does, however, allow himself certain wary indications of trends which seem probable.

RUTH MCKENNEY is rough on her readers. First she fills them with laughter at *My Sister Eileen*, now hands them the tough facts of life in her deeply serious *Industrial Valley*, a social history of Akron, Ohio, since 1932. Using a kind of *March of Time* technique, she presents day-by-day vignettes of a complete cross section of the rubber city's inhabitants.

Her chief interest is the change that has taken place in the lives of rubber workers as a result of labor organization. What you have when she finishes is not just gaunt, oversimplified capital-labor struggle but a rich complex of tragedy and comedy. She makes you smell, hear, feel Akron and see the washing on its clotheslines. *Industrial Valley* is the most original and readable piece of American labor history ever written.

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The Book Forum

"Archaeology for the Million" is the subtitle Arthur Stanley Riggs might have given his *Romance of Human Progress;* and it is archaeology presented in an entirely original way. Mr. Riggs believes that, although man's past has been dug up piecemeal from the earth, it should be delivered not in fragments but as a well-rounded whole. He doesn't, therefore, polish off the ruins of Egypt and then move on to Greece or Peru. He takes rather a theme — housing, clothes, gambling, or medicine — and traces it through the ages and lands where its relics have been discovered. The result of his method is just what he intended it to be — "broad, pulsing human drama." The ancient builders march one after another, and you see and compare their works. Priesthoods rise and fall. The love of fashion and card games goes on forever. You learn how obelisks could be cut out of stone in one big chunk. Or you are left to wonder who were the mysterious people of Mohenjo who vanished from their elaborate, scientifically planned city more than five thousand years ago.

To the task of organizing such a fantastic lot of material as his four-hundred-page book contains, Mr. Riggs brings an acute knowledge of what interests people most. For ten years he edited *Art and Archaeology*, and his readers were continually writing him questions about their favorite antiquity. It is hard to believe any one person knows more of the answers than he or could present them more colorfully. There is hardly a page without some odd and delightful bit of information. But, for all he has packed his data so tightly, he still manages to let a pleasant humor breeze through.

M. L. Elting

Aesthetic theories are justified only when they increase one's capacity to apprehend aesthetic objects. They increase that capacity only when they talk about concrete things and avoid vague, esoteric generalizations. For this reason the sanest aesthetic theory of the day comes from the mind of D. W. Prall, who holds that aesthetic objects are media for the expression of their creators' feelings.

Aaron Copland's book, *What to Listen for in Music*, which is the definitive guide to musical enjoyment, extends Professor Prall's theory into the field of music. Mr. Copland plainly tells the listener he must hear the composer's expression of himself, which is the expression of his feelings, in the music. This is indeed practical, for the form and texture of the music is only the framework in which the composer expresses himself. We must know form and texture in so far as from them we may extract the substance or content of the music.

This idea is so clear-cut that one questions the rationality of commentators who overlooked it. Aesthetic truth is always simple and direct. And I can conceive of no more concise and relevant statement of musical aesthetics than that of Mr. Copland.

Although the discussion on forms allows free forms and strict forms to overlap, this may be dismissed as a minor matter. What is most important is that Mr. Copland's exposition, like Professor Prall's theory, enables one to realize the social aspects of art. Since a man's feelings depend on the influences about him, his relation to society will be reflected in his art. He will express his reaction to his times.

It follows that a composer's output must be apprehended in terms of the period during which it was created. In this way much of the music which seems dissonant and harsh becomes intelligible, and one's capacity for enjoyment is truly increased by a simple understanding of the music's purpose.

Books like Mr. Copland's are oases in the desert of subjective tommyrot.

A. W. H.

Mr. Owen Taylor's motives, as his title, *Without Penalty to Capital or Labor*, suggests, are of the highest order. For no solution to any important economic problem can be entertained today which penalizes labor or prevents the investment of new capital. And he has selected as his subject the railroads — the problem whose solution will do more than any one other thing to turn the present period of economic stagnation into one of genuine recovery.

Whether, however, the simple expedient he suggests — a 10-per-cent reduction in taxes and an increase in revenues for services rendered the federal post office — will suffice to resolve the deep-rooted crisis of this twenty-billion-dollar colossus many of his readers are bound to doubt. The apparent fact is that the problem is much more complex than Mr. Taylor makes it out to be, and the difficulties attendant on solving it will force railroad securities to fall still further before they rise appreciably. But this does not detract from the validity of his warning to securityholders that they must co-operate with the general public in reviving railroad prosperity if our democracy is again to come alive.

E. J.

HAVELOCK ELLIS'

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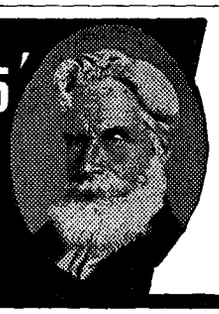

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Exhibitionism
The Sexual Criminal
Analysis of Courtship
Sadism and Masochism
Woman's Change of Life
The Dangerous Age in Men
Homosexuality
Cruelty and Pain in Relation to Sex
Hermaphroditism
Sexual Abstinence
Sex Intercourse and Health
The Choice of a Mate
Preparation for Marriage
Fertility and Sterility
Divorce
Monogamy; Polygamy
The Nature of Birth Control
The Question of Abortion
Frequency of Coitus
The Sexual Athlete: Satyriasis; Nymphomania
Jealousy
Married Love
Psychoanalytic Concepts of Sex
Pre-marital Knowledge and Experience
Modesty; Nudism
Childbirth: Sex Life during Pregnancy; Immediately After
Sexual Feeling in Women
Sex Practice in Marriage
Methods and Technique of Coitus
Sexual Pleasure and Conception
Positions in Coitus
Sex Life and Nervous Disorders
Sexual Difficulties
Freud's "Unconscious": "Libido"
The Art of Love
Dreams: Their Significance
Sex Life of Unmarried Adults
Sexual Fetishes and Symbols
Sexual Adjustments
Sex Happiness
Age and the Sexual Impulse
The Sexual Impulse and Love
Love Rights of Women: of Men
Esthetics of Coitus
Expression and Repression
Substitutes for Sex
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Index

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